

DISCUSS CHANGE OF BONDS

Supervisor Conrad Makes Motion Before Board of Supervisors Thursday

WILL ELIMINATE SHORTAGES

Surety Companies Would Then Audit Books Quarterly For Their Own Protection Against Loss.

The County Board of Supervisors is at its present session engaged in a most commendable effort to do away with the conditions which made the recent reported shortage a possibility.

Supervisor Edward Conrad has proposed what it is now regarded as a winning plan. It was introduced before the board as a resolution, the substance being as follows:

That the county officers be bonded in surety companies, bonds to be paid for by the county, which even then would have money left on interest on public money, which the county officers formerly got, instead of supplying the tremendous personal bond necessary.

This would mean a regular quarterly audit of the books by the officers of the surety company.

That the county itself should provide for an annual audit of the books through out.

That the public monies be deposited in every case hereafter in the name of Lake County, with the name of the officer as agent, so that the county and not the officer, will reap the interest.

After Supervisor Conrad introduced the motion, it was seconded by Supervisor Demorest.

Definite action in the matter was postponed for a short time as the board wished to consult with the State's Attorney as to the legality of the proposed steps to protect the public treasury.

This scheme seems to meet with the general approval of the public, which at the present time is strong in its feeling that some measure should be adopted that would prove a safeguard to the public funds, and besides it is argued this measure would do away with the old plan of each newly elected officer having to ask individuals to place them selves in a position where they can be forced to make good any shortage that might occur, but would place all such matters in the hands of a company that make such things a business and receive a remuneration for the risks which they incur.

The sole opponent on the board was Henry C. Edwards who took the stand that by the rules the day had passed to reconsider the bond matter, and that the bonds of the new officers had already been accepted.

A Restroom.

A room the woman of the house calls the "restroom" is papered in soft gray and has green hangings. The furniture is light oak with green sofa pillows here and there, and the big sofa is upholstered in green. The window shades are dark enough to subdue the light. Thus the room is in the most admirable taste and soothes the nerves. When the woman of the house is tired she runs to the rest room for a few minutes and gets her mental balance.

Put Oil In Your Lamp.

The human body has been compared to a lamp, the life being the flame. If the lamp, or body, is kept supplied with oil the flame will burn steadily much longer than when not. The patriarchs lived much longer than men live today, and olive oil was without exception one of their "blessings," which they daily used. Whether the comparison is merely fanciful or not it is hard to say, but there seems to be an element of truth in it.

Cardinal Newman.

Lord Coleridge himself declared that the intellectual force which had most impressed him—and he must have known, I suppose, nearly all of the great men of his time—was that of John Henry Newman. From Justin McCarthy's Reminiscences.

To Induce Sleep.

Sleeplessness is the greatest menace that tired or overworked nerves have for beauty and health. Sleep may be induced by warm milk slipped slowly, or, if this is ineffective, by long drafts of cool water and a cold bandage around the brow.

VIOLATES 10-HOUR LAW

Libertyville Macaroni Company Pled Guilty and was Fined Fifty Dollars.

The Libertyville Macaroni Company was fined fifty dollars on Friday of last week, by Justice Beswick at Lake Forest, for compelling girl employees to work more than ten hours a day. It was prosecuted by the Lake Forest Law and Order League assisted by Factory Inspector Davis.

The case proved a most interesting one because of the fact that Inspector Davis obtained the evidence only after a determined effort to get into the factory which had been securely locked when the girls were at work. It was on Monday evening about nine o'clock that the inspector went to the Libertyville factory and tried to enter through the front door, seeing lights that indicated that persons were at work. He knocked at the door but received no response, he then went to the engine room but found it locked and it was not opened at his summons. He again tried the front door, pounding until it was thought that he would knock the door in. The foreman then opened the door and Davis was admitted and found the women at work. He at once swore out a warrant for the officials' arrest. They entered the plea of guilty and were fined. The inspector claims that the company is an old offender.

AUTO CAUSES

PECULIAR ACCIDENT

When Dr. Becker, the well known Silverlake physician, was approaching Wilmot from the west last Thursday morning, his automobile was driven into a tangle of telephone wires with sufficient force to break a telephone pole by the roadside, which fell with a crash across the front of his machine. Geo. Benedict, who was at work on the top of the pole at the time fell with it, and fortunately escaped without broken bones or serious injuries, although he will probably be laid up for a few days.

On account of the frosty air increasing the tension on the wires, a pole was broken during the night, a stub end of the top being left in such a manner as to hold the wires a few feet above the road.

The doctor with his man driving were going at a medium rate of speed and although they noticed the broken pole, with the sun shining in their eyes they failed to notice the loosened wires until they were in them. The wires picked the driver up and threw him against the rear seat which luckily gave or he would have been severely injured. The force of the collision broke the pole on which Benedict was working, snapping it off close to the bottom, as it fell it struck the sheet iron cover of the cooling device in front of the machine and badly dented it, and a side lamp was also torn off. The doctor himself although he had a narrow escape was not even scratched.

MISS IDA CALUGI AND CARL MILLER MARRIED THURSDAY

On Thursday of this week, in Chicago occurred the marriage of Miss Ida Calugi of this place to Mr. Carl Miller of Lake Villa.

The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Calugi, and has made many friends among our people since taking up her residence here.

The groom is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Miller of Lake Villa and is a popular young man among his associates all of whom join in extending to him and his bride most hearty congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller will make their future home at Lake Villa and are now pleasantly located in the Hughes flat, where they are at home to their many friends.

Tip From Mary Jane.

"Oh, dear!" murmured this bride, "these tablecloths are wearing thin in spots so soon!" "Well," answered Mary Jane, "what can you expect when you fold 'em the same way every time you iron 'em? Fold 'em one week in three folds, and the next week in four. Then they won't wear out any more in one place than in another."

Cleaning Brass.

The old-fashioned way of cleaning brass can't be excelled. Rub the metal hard with a paste of rotten stone and sweet olive oil. Wipe until perfectly dry with a piece of fresh flannel and then polish with dry rottenstone.

Sparing Her Feelings.

"And what did papa say when you asked him for my hand?" "I'd gladly tell you, but I'm afraid you'd never respect his opinion any more."

\$27,000.00 SHORTAGE IN THE ACCOUNTS OF CO. TREASURER AMES

Young and Company, Auditors, Render Brief Report Before the Board of Supervisors--No Details Obtainable as Yet

AMES PROTESTS INNOCENCE--CLAIMS BREACH OF TRUST

Attorneys Orvis and Beaubien Representing Ames Asks Supervisors That Time Might Be Granted in Which to Make Good--Auditors' Point Out That County Should Draw Interest on Public Funds

Although a rumor had been afloat for several days in regard to an alleged shortage in the accounts of the retiring county treasurer, it was not until Tuesday when the supervisors convened and Arthur Young & Co. auditors, rendered their report before them, that anything definite was known. The report rendered was as follows:

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 8, 1910.
To T. M. Clark, Esq., Chairman of Auditing Committee of the Supervisors of Lake County.

Dear Sir:—In accordance with your instructions we have examined the books and records kept by the following officers of the county for a period of ten years ending as under:

County Treasurer's office ending August 31, 1910.
County Clerk's office ending June 4, 1910.

Circuit Clerk and ex-officio Recorder, ending June 4, 1910.
Superintendent of Schools, ending August 31, 1910.

Sheriff's office, ending May 31, 1910.
State's Attorney's office ending August 31, 1910.

The final report under separate cover will be devoted to each of these offices after which will be submitted detailed accounts and schedules in support of same, covering the transactions of each for the whole period. Stated briefly the result of our examination is as follows:

COUNTY TREASURER'S OFFICE.

We have carefully examined the statements of receipts and disbursements submitted annually by the County Treasurer to the Supervisors and have found same to be correct. The balances due by the treasurer in respect of county and other funds in his hands at 31st of August 1910; amount to \$116,057.20, made up as follows:

County funds	\$44,768.53
School funds and sundry	
Taxes	\$51,923.53
Miscellaneous funds	\$2,225.38
Unknown and nonresident	
heirs	\$8,918.21
Inheritance tax funds	\$5,355.27
Institute funds	\$25.40
Treasurer's report of fees	
etc., and disbursements	\$2,843.83
Total	\$116,057.20

To ascertain that his balance was intact we examined statements which we obtained from the various banks where the Treasurer had accounts. The balance in these accounts at 31st of August, 1910, were as follows, being the total fund which he could produce to us:

People's Bank, Waukegan	\$69,644.39
Security Savings Bank, Waukegan	\$2,538.13
First National Bank of Waukegan	\$1,647.46
State Bank of Lake Forest	\$1,806.87
First National Bank Lake Forest	\$8,788.30
First National Bank Libertyville	\$517.29
Lake County National Bank	\$720.89
Merchants and Farmers Bank	\$15.93
Highland Park State Bank	\$274.57
State Bank of Antioch	\$2,177.69
Cash on hand	\$674.84
Total	\$88,806.35
Disclosing a shortage of	\$27,250.85

The whole of this amount has been misappropriated during the period from December 3, 1906, to August 31, 1910, and is therefore chargeable to Mr. Ames, who was treasurer during that period.

We have been able in spite of the miserable condition of the records, and lack of records to approximately account for this shortage. The items are as follows:

1. That Mr. Ames has drawn by check and there have been charged in the till books as having been paid to him sums in excess of his salary for the period

aggregating approximately, per schedule 1, \$12,209.32.

2. That the till book, which was the only record of daily cash receipts and disbursements shows deposits in the bank in excess of actual amounts deposited, as per schedule II, of at least \$3,527.60.

3. That the till book shows county orders and jurors' warrants, etc., paid in excess of actual warrants etc., issued, per schedule III, \$1,402.43.

4. That the tax receipt books show collections which have not been entered in the till book amounting to \$2,503.23.

That it was the practice of the office to make out receipts for taxes which were not received until several days later. These amounts were entered with the total of the days collections in the till book and were also entered on the disbursement side as "due bills". When the cash was actually received the custom was to re-enter the amount separately among the receipts. Many of these "due bills" we have been unable to locate as having been re-entered and the probability is that this would account for possibly \$3,000.

Total	\$22,647.58
Sundry	\$4,603.27
Total shortage	\$27,250.85.

COUNTY CLERK'S OFFICE

The records and reports of earnings and expenses submitted by the County Clerk to the Supervisors were found to be correct and the balance due from the County Clerk on June 4, 1910, the last date to which his accounts have been made up, amounted to \$14,020.87. We were unable to verify the existence of this balance. Mr. Hendee, the County Clerk, stated that it was carried in his private bank account. He has today, namely December 8, 1910, paid over to the County Treasurer this balance of \$14,020.87. It is understood of course, that from June 4, 1910, to the date of his retirement from office, December 5, 1910, an accounting will require to be made of the net receipts of his office for that period.

CIRCUIT CLERK AND COUNTY RECORDER SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS SHERIFF'S OFFICE

The books and records of these offices were carefully examined by us and the reports made by the officers to the Supervisors were found to be correct and detailed accounts will be submitted for each office in the final report.

In conclusion we direct your attention to the following matters:

1. At no time during the period under examination has the county received any interest from the banks where their funds were deposited. During the last year we wrote that the county borrowed a large sum, bearing 6 per cent interest. If this shortage had not existed and surplus funds had at once been paid over to the County Treasurer, this sum would have been materially reduced and the interest saved. The amount of shortage as stated excludes interest entirely. We suggest that all these questions bearing on interest be referred for legal opinion.

2. The practice of using the County funds as private property and placing them in a private bank account should not, in our opinion, be permitted. The county funds should be deposited in a bank account which will be open to inspection at any time.

3. The present examination does not carry the audit down to the date of the retiring of the present officers and we recommend that this should be done forthwith.

4. The necessity of installing proper acts of records in the various offices which will enable a proper check to be kept on each of the officers, so that responsibility can be placed where it rests and the funds properly supervised and administered.

Yours faithfully,
Arthur Young & Company.

(Continued on editorial page)

REVERSES THE DECISION

Judge Renders Verdict in Favor of the Town of Salem.

The personal damage suit case of Ted Collier vs the town of Salem was again brought into the limelight last week when Judge Belden of Kenosha, rendered his decision, reversing the former verdict, this time making it in favor of the defendant.

As will be remembered the beginning of the matter was when the auto in which Harvey J. Gibson, Ted Collier and Mrs. Gardner all of Kenosha were riding, turned turtle on the Salem road near Liberty Corners, just north of Antioch on the night of October 7, 1909, with the result that Gibson lost his life and Collier sustained serious injuries.

The injured man at once began legal proceedings and a suit was entered against the town of Salem for the sum of \$5,000 for personal injury the grounds being, insufficient width of road making it dangerous for two vehicles to pass in safety, want of repair, presence in great confusion of obnoxious weeds that obscured the roadway and the dangerous piking of the road.

The case has been one of the most prominent that has been tried in Kenosha County in a number of years and the close connection of nearby neighbors with the case has made it one of especial interest to the residents of Antioch and vicinity. The case was brought to trial at the October 1910 term of court and the jury returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, for the sum of \$1400.

Argument for a new trial was made before Judge Belden, by Attorney Baker who represented the defendant, and the same was granted, with the result that the Judge last Saturday morning set aside the former verdict and rendered one in favor of the town.

The Judge held that the situation disclosed by the evidence, made it a duty of the court to hold, as a matter of law that the plaintiff unnecessarily proceeded into a situation obvious to one in the exercise of due care, that he is chargeable with want of ordinary care proximately contributing to produce his injuries, and that the finding of the jury to the contrary could not be supported.

WATCHMAN

STRUCK BY ELECTRIC CAR

James Odell, 416, Sheridan Road was struck by a Chicago & Milwaukee electric car at the tenth street station at about six o'clock Sunday morning and sustained injuries that may cost him his life.

Mr. Odell who is employed as night watchman at the wire mills, was returning to his home from work, and although he seldom rode home, he decided owing to the cold, to take the car.

The cars are running on one track at that place, as yet, owing to the paving on Marion street, and Mr. Odell, supposing that he would have to cross the tracks, stepped squarely in front of the north bound car.

The car struck him in the side and he was hurled to the side of the track and when he was picked up by the members of the car crew he was in a serious condition. He was taken at once to the hospital and the company's physician was summoned.

Upon examination he was found to be suffering from a severe scalp wound although his skull was not fractured, and besides that he was severely cut on one side, the cuts being caused by a coffee bottle which he carried in his pocket. Three fingers of his left hand were also cut off.

And he is now in a most serious condition owing to the shock as well as his injuries and there is small hope for his recovery.

Mr. Odell had been employed as night watchman at the mills for a number of years. He was a married man and leaves a wife and two children.

No Easiest Way.

Most men are not geniuses. They cannot hope to paint great pictures, to write great novels or to inspire millions with strains of noble music. Perhaps they ought to be grateful, for usually the work that is required to develop talent is ten times that necessary for ordinary commonplace success. The latter is within reach of most men who are willing to work for it. But work they must. There is no easiest way.

Smarter Than Most.

The Old Guy—"Huh! Driving an automobile, eh? Young man, when I started in life I had to walk." The Young Chap—"You were smarter than most, sir. When I first started in life I couldn't walk."

What Goats Eat.

A goat eats only one-eighth as much as a cow, but gives more than that proportion of milk.

GETS NINETY DAYS

Famous Wadsworth Shooting Affair Ends With a Jail Sentence

GALLAGHER PLEADS GUILTY

State's Attorney Asks that Leniency be Shown on Account of the Youth's Previous Good Record

The famous Gallagher-Doyle case in which John Gallagher was charged with the shooting of Miss Loretta Doyle of Wadsworth, was brought to close on Wednesday of this week when the second trial was held.

Gallagher as will be remembered was charged with having shot Miss Loretta Doyle, on a lonely road near Wadsworth last June. At this trial, in the circuit court, he pled guilty to the charge of "assault with a deadly weapon, with intent to do great bodily harm," and was sentenced to ninety days in the county jail and must pay the costs of both trials.

The story of the case as developed from the first trial earlier in the term was as follows: Gallagher had been keeping company with Miss Doyle for a long time, but upon his proposal of marriage she refused to have anything more to do with him. Gallagher, it is alleged, went to her and asked her to go to one more dance with him, the dance to be held in Wadsworth.

Miss Doyle refused to go with him and Gallagher is said to have made a threat, that she would repent her actions. Miss Doyle went to the dance in company with another young man and Gallagher was there. Just before the last dance of the evening Gallagher left the hall and started home alone.

The others went by the same road and as they were in a carriage they soon overtook Gallagher who was walking, and it alleged that he then stepped into the center of the road and fired several shots at the buggy.

One of the bullets struck Miss Doyle in the hip. He was arrested and his trial was held at the October term of court. The jury in the case returned without having arrived at a verdict, and the case was held over until this term.

Gallagher has now entered a plea of guilty to the charge and was sentenced to ninety days in the county jail. It is said that he had on several occasions made an attempt to settle the matter out of court, with the father of the girl, but that he was on each occasion repulsed. He will begin his sentence immediately.

FOX LAKE

RESIDENTS JUBILANT

Fox Lake residents held a large mass meeting at the hall Thursday evening of last week in observance of the occasion on which their hall was first lit by electricity. Speeches were made and each congratulated the other upon the progress of their town.

The subject of the new electric rail road which is likely to strike the town was dwelt upon at length and the bright prospects of the little town was the cause of great rejoicing. One man expressed the sentiment of the entire village when he remarked that Fox Lake would soon be entitled to a prominent place on the map.

For Circuit Judge

I am a candidate for the office of Circuit Judge to fill the vacancy now existing. The support of the voters of the judicial district will be gratefully appreciated.
Chas. Whitney.

"Affinity," in Law.

The word affinity, in the eyes of the law, is rather respectable. The encyclopedia says: "Affinity, in law, is the relations contracted by marriage between a husband and his wife's kindred, and between a wife and her husband's kindred, in contradistinction from relation by blood; but the of the husband are in no way to the kin of the wife."

Poor Kind of Virtue

I cannot praise a fugitive, virtuous, unexercised, bled, that never seeks her adversary, but the race where that lady is to be run for, not with heat—Milton.

MRS. EDDY AT REST

BOSTON SERVICE AT BIER OF
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE LEADER
ATTENDED BY 120.

ONLY PINK ROSES ON CASKET

Relatives, Members of Household and
Officials of Church Make Up Com-
pany of Mourners—Body Placed in
Vault at Mount Auburn Cemetery.

Boston.—The body of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy was placed in the receiving vault at Mount Auburn cemetery Thursday after services attended by 120 persons, including her family, relatives, members of her household, officials of the Christian Science church and publishing house and her personal students residing in Boston and vicinity.

Funeral services at the Chestnut Hill home were simple and were conducted with quiet dignity. Long before the time for the services to begin the holders of cards of admission began to arrive. Judge Clifford P. Smith, first reader of the mother church, conducted the services.

A great hall divides the house. At the left are two parlors and in the rear parlor in the bay window was the coffin of massive bronze, containing the body of Mrs. Eddy. Upon the coffin, which was closed, Mrs. Eddy's son and her grandchildren and her adopted son having seen the well-known face, was a bunch of pink roses from the members of the household. This was the only floral offering to be seen. In the rear of the hall Judge Smith was stationed. Those invited to the services were in the hall, the front parlor and the library, to the right of the entrance. Grouped on the second floor at the head of a wide staircase were Mrs. Eddy's family, her other relatives and members of her household. The furniture had been removed from the room where the coffin sat. The old rose draperies harmonized with the wall decorations, and the soft light of day illuminated the surroundings.

Judge Smith began the services by the reading of a lesson sermon correlative passages from "Science and Health, With Key to the Scriptures."

The poem by Mrs. Eddy, "Mother's Evening Prayer," was read by Mrs. Carol Hoyt Powers, second reader of the mother church.

This concluded the services and the coffin was then carried out of the door to the porte cochere, where the hearse was in waiting and the journey to Mount Auburn cemetery was begun.

There was no service at the receiving vault other than the reading of the XXIII. Psalm by Judge Smith and last verse in Jude: "To the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever," given as a benediction.

The coffin was then taken within by the pallbearers, the vault was sealed and there a guard will be maintained until a mausoleum has been built on the plot chosen for the final resting place of the body.

U. S. CENSUS IS 91,972,266

Including Dependents and Territories Count is 101,000,000—
Showing Big Gain.

Washington.—The inhabitants of the United States number 91,972,266, according to the figures announced by the census bureau Saturday. This number includes all of the states, territories, District of Columbia, Alaska, Hawaii and Porto Rico and is exclusive of the Philippine Islands. The increase in the population of the nation during the last decade was 16,455,211, or 20.9 per cent. In 1890 the population was 75,517,055.

In the continental United States the population is 91,972,266, an increase of 16,977,691, or 21 per cent. over 75,004,575 in 1900.

The stars and stripes float over 101,000,000 souls in the United States and insular possessions. This includes 7,635,426 in the Philippine Islands as enumerated to the census of 1903 and the estimates of the population in the island of Guam, the American possessions in Samoa and persons in the Panama canal zone.

BIBLE MAKES VOTE VOID

Kentucky Court Nullifies An Election
In Which "Drys" Use Scriptures
As An Embell.

Frankfort, Ky.—Because the "drys" of Powell county, Ky., used the Bible as an emblem on their ballots in a recent local option election and carried the county, the state court of appeals has declared the election void. On each ballot was the picture of an open book with the words "Holy Bible" under it. The "wets" for an emblem used the picture of a whiskey bottle and a glass, out of which protruded the head of a snake.

Fanatics Clash in Calcutta.
Calcutta.—Several combatants were killed and many injured in a serious fight Saturday between rival religious fanatics. The fanatics were only routed when troops charged them several times.

Seventeenth Wife Is Dead.
Ut Lake, Utah.—Harriet Amelle, the seventeenth and favorite wife of Brigham Young, died here Sunday night, aged seventy-two years. Burial place was Buffalo, New

OVER 100 CHRISTIANS SLAIN

BELOUINS MASSACRE TURKISH
GARRISON IN SYRIA.

Attack Made in Revenge for the
Execution of a Chief—Tribe-
men Hold Fortress.

Constantinople.—More than 100 Christian inhabitants of the town of Kerak, in the Turkish vilayet of Syria, together with the Turkish garrison at that place, were massacred by Bedouins, in revenge for the execution of one of their chiefs, according to a dispatch from Jerusalem, Friday.

The Bedouins, the dispatch adds, hold the fortress, in the vicinity of which there has been desultory fighting between the tribesmen and the government troops for the last year and a half.

Kerak, formerly the capital of Moab, has a population of 8,000, of whom 6,000 are Moslems. The town is the last on the road from Damascus to Mecca, where Christians may reside. It stands on the mountains of Moab and may be seen from Jerusalem, 50 miles away.

There are no American missionaries there, the only missionary station being that of the British Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East. This is a branch of the organization at Es Salt, and is composed of one missionary, his wife and one native worker.

Frequent atrocities and massacres against Christians in Asiatic Turkey have occurred within the past year, the most serious of which was in April, 1910, when 5,000 were slain near Alexandretta. Two Christian villages on the Palas coast were burned and hundreds of persons murdered.

The United States sent warships to Turkish waters to protect American missionaries.

JURY FREES MENLO MOORE

Theatrical Man Acquitted of the Slay-
ing of Wealthy Indiana Oil
Operator.

Vincennes, Ind.—"Not guilty" was the verdict of the jury in the case of Menlo Moore, manager of a circuit of theaters, who was charged with murder in the killing of Charles E. Gibson, a wealthy operator in the Indiana lillmoles oil fields.

When the verdict was read the crowd in the courtroom broke into a cheer, and men rushed to the platform and carried Moore from the courtroom. The court made no effort to stop the demonstration.

The trial had been in progress for about ten days, and was one of the most sensational ever held in southern Indiana.

RETURNS FOR HIS TRIAL

W. M. Morrissey, Special Collector for
Jacksonville, Ill., Gives Him-
self Up Voluntarily.

Jacksonville, Ill.—William M. Morrissey, former attorney and special collector for the city of Jacksonville, under indictment for alleged shortages of \$48,000, has arrived here from McCook, Neb. A bench warrant was issued for Morrissey last Saturday and when notified he came here voluntarily. Morrissey acknowledges that he is short, but will claim he took the money and turned it over to others.

MANY ARE LOST IN CYCLONE

Advices From Spanish Frontier Say
Wind Caused Disaster in West-
ern Part of Country.

Cerebero, France.—Advices received here say western Spain has been swept by a cyclone that razed everything in its path.

Several small vessels sank in the harbor of Corunna and a number of persons were drowned.

At Seville the river rose ten feet, flooding the valley. Several persons were killed and many injured near Bilbao.

BANDITS TUNNEL UNDER BANK

Centennial National of Virginia, Ill.,
Is Blown by Five Masked
Robbers Who Escape.

Jacksonville, Ill.—The Centennial National bank of Virginia, Ill., was blown by five masked bandits who made their escape by automobile. Patrick Kinney, the night watchman, was bound and gagged and locked up in the president's office.

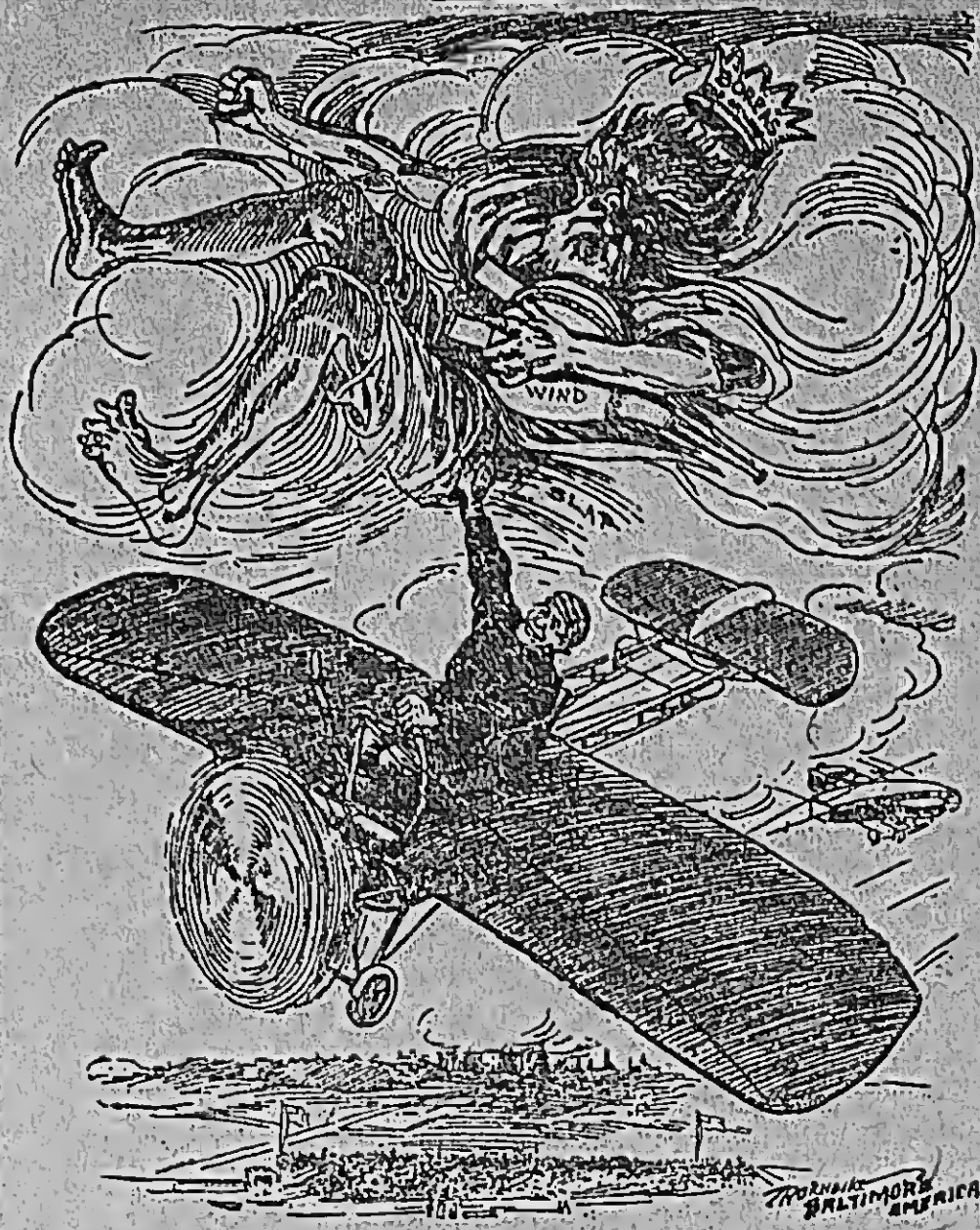
The burglars had tunneled under the bank, it is claimed. Little funds were secured. No clue to perpetrators.

Cholera Row in Funchal.
Lisbon.—Advices from Funchal state that the situation growing out of the cholera epidemic is serious throughout Madeira. Cholera riots occurred daily. The food supply is running short and the Portuguese gumbat Zaire was sent to the island carrying troops and medicines.

U. S. Lasee Coal Trust Sued.
Philadelphia.—The United States circuit court here dismissed the suit filed by the government to dissolve the anthracite coal trust Thursday, but declared the Temple Iron company to be a combination in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law.

Lasker Retains Chess Title.
Berlin.—Dr. Emanuel Lasker of New York Thursday retained the world's chess championship by defeating the challenger, D. Janowski of Paris, with a score of 8 games to 0.

FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT.



QUELLS NEW MUTINY

MARINES REBEL IN RIO JANEIRO
AND ARE ALMOST ANNI-
HILATED.

SEIZE A FORT IN THE BAY

Only Surrender When 200 or More Are
Killed and Wounded—Senate De-
clares a Seige—Scoutship Joins In
Seditious Movement.

Rio Janeiro.—The soldiers at the fortress on Corra Island revolted Friday night, captured the fortress and withstood a bombardment lasting from 5:30 Saturday morning until 11 o'clock at night. The rebels were almost annihilated by the fire from the land batteries and warships, losing over 200 killed and wounded.

The scoutship Rio Grande do Sul joined in the rising, but the mutinous sailors soon were subdued by their officers and a part of the local garrison that remained faithful.

The seditious movement, it is believed, has now been completely throttled, but the senate, despite the opposition of Ruy Barbosa, the former president of that body, voted to declare a state of siege for 30 days.

The guns of the land batteries were trained on the island, which lies in the bay of Rio Janeiro, only a short distance from the city and opposite the marine arsenal.

A heavy fire was directed against the rebels, and this continued without cessation for five hours. Then a white flag appeared, and it was believed that the rebels were ready to surrender, but they asked only for an armistice, probably for the purpose of removing the dead and injured.

Two land batteries and two loyal warships took part in the bombardment, and the artillery duel continued with great violence for many hours.

The detonations of the big guns caused the whole city to tremble.

The island proved a good target for the batteries and replied with a vigorous fire, employing considerable shrapnel.

Many persons were killed along the shore and in adjoining streets.

The fight against the Rio Grande do Sul lasted three hours, and among the killed was one officer. Small bands of rebels climbed into launches and drew near the front of the Palaeo Cattete, but they were forced to retire.

The government notified the leaders of the rising that the island would be taken by assault if they did not surrender. In the meantime President Fonseca sent a message on the situation to the senate, together with his views.

FOUR ARE FOUND MURDERED

Aged Woman and Three Men Clubbed
to Death—Farmer Hired Men
Suspected.

Kansas City, Mo.—Mrs. Emeline Bernhard, aged seventy-five; her son George, aged forty; Tom Morgan, a trapper, aged seventeen, and a hired man named Worth were found murdered on the Bernhard farm, in Kansas, near Martin City, Mo., 20 miles south of here Saturday, according to Prosecuting Attorney James Little of Johnson county, Kan., who telegraphed the information to this city. All the victims had been clubbed to death.

Robbery is believed to have been the motive, as the pockets of the dead were turned wrong side out. Former hired men and a stranger seen near the farm recently are suspected.

Wounded Rancher, Kills Self.
Portland, Ore.—Frank Linaker, supposed to be from Menlo, Ia., Saturday shot Edward Naylor, a rancher, at Forest Grove, inflicting a serious and perhaps fatal wound, and then killed himself.

Dump \$14,000 in Opium into River.
Kansas City, Mo.—A wagonload of opium valued at \$14,000 was dumped into the Missouri river here Saturday by government officials. The drug was seized in raids upon Chinsoo dives last summer.

Submarine Blast Hurts Three.
San Diego, Cal.—By the explosion of a defective intake valve of the engine on the submarine boat Grampus Saturday three enlisted members of the crew were injured, one so badly that it is expected he will die.

CHARLTON GOES BACK TO ITALY

U. S. SURRENDERS ALLEGED
WIFE MURDERER.

State Department Decides That Treaty
Must Be Interpreted Literally
Until It Is Abrogated.

Washington.—The state department Friday decided that Italy is entitled to the extradition of Porter Charlton, which was demanded on a charge of murder and who confessed to the murder of his wife near Lake Como, Italy.

It is held by the department that the treaty under which Italy made the demand must be interpreted literally until it shall have been abrogated.

The department holds that treaties are not reciprocal, which means that a treaty may be binding, even though one nation has the advantage over the other in some of its details. Such a treaty is undoubtedly the one now in force between Italy and the United States, but the department frankly says that it will abide by the convention as a principle of national faith.

The decision of the department does not mean that Charlton will immediately have to go to Italy and stand trial. The matter may be carried to the courts where the prisoner's sanity will be determined. In such event Charlton would be held here for at most two years.

JURY ACQUITS MENLO MOORE

Indiana Theatrical Manager Freed in
Trial, Carried from Court by
Cheering Thousands.

Vincennes, Ind.—"Not guilty" was the verdict of the jury Friday in the case of Menlo Moore, manager of a circuit of theaters, who was charged with murder in the killing of Charles E. Gibson, a wealthy operator in the Indiana lillmoles oil fields.

When the verdict was read the crowd in the courtroom broke into a cheer, and men rushed to the platform and carried Moore from the courtroom. The court made no effort to stop the demonstration.

The trial had been in progress for about ten days, and was one of the most sensational ever held in southern Indiana.

Moore shot Gibson on the railway station platform here several months ago. Gibson's conduct toward Mrs. Moore was given as the cause of the tragedy.

DON'T PERSECUTE your Bowels

Costly cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal
—unnecessary. Try
CARTER'S LITTLE
LIVER PILLS

Fully vegetable. As
gentle as the breeze.
Relieve the bowels,
and soothe the delicate
membranes of
the liver.
Cure Consti-
pation, Bilious-
ness, Head-
aches, etc.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price
Genuine must be Signature
Brentwood

Rich and Costly Furs

COSTLY FURS come from YOUR part of
the COUNTRY. Ship them to the BEST
BUY MARKET and SIGHT FOR HOME.
By shipping DIRECT to you we receive far
better PRICES than you have obtained else-
where, because we sell direct to manu-
facturers of FUR GARMENTS.

A list shipment will CONVINCE you.
A specially arranged price list for your
territory will be mailed upon request. We
pay all expressage, charge no commis-
sions, and remit promptly.

LEOPOLD GASSNER FUR CO.
64 East 10th St. Chicago. \$250,000.00
New York City. Ltd. \$250,000.00

MORE EGGS

I have discovered a great secret—
how to make 100 hens lay 80 eggs
a day in winter! Failure impossible!
I prove it by sending my successful method on
FREE TRIAL! You don't have to pay till
your hens lay. Send for it TO DAY to
Mrs. L. Alley, Box 5, New Madrid, Mo.

TU-DE-KU—Worth its Weight in Gold. Pos-
sibly the best cure for Consumption, Catarrh, Asthma,
Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Croup, Whooping Cough,
Sore Throat, Stomach and Bowel Disorders, etc.
Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Write for
Circular. C. E. Jones, Birmingham, Ala.

The Human Heart

The heart is a wonderful double pump, through the
action of which the blood stream is kept sweeping
round and round through the body at the rate of seven
miles an hour. "Remember this, that our bodies
will not stand the strain of over-work without food,
pure blood any more than the engine can run smooth-
ly without oil." After many years of study in the
active practice of medicine, Dr. R. V. Pierce found
that when the stomach was out of order, the blood
impure and there were symptoms of general break-
down, a tonic made of the glyceric extract of certain
roots was the best corrective. This he called

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

Being made without alcohol, this "Medical Discovery" helps the stomach to
assimilate the food, thereby curing dyspepsia. It is especially adapted to diseases
attended with excessive tissue waste, notably in convalescence from various
fevers, for this blooded people and those who are always "catching cold."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser (a sent on receipt of 31 one-
cent stamps for the French blood-bound book of 1003 pages. Address Dr.
R. V. Pierce, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE JOCULAR CLERK.



Customer (in grocery store)—Are
those eggs on that counter fresh?
Clerk—Yes, ma'am.

Customer—How long have they been
laid?
Clerk—I laid them there myself,
ma'am, 20 minutes ago.

What Resinol Accomplishes is Truly Wonderful.

I frequently have patients who are
troubled with skin eruptions, and have
taken occasion to recommend Resinol,
and in some cases the cures have
seemed miraculous, and had I not seen
them both before and after, would
scarcely have believed them true. One
lady told me that she had spent over
\$100 in various remedies, and was
cured with one 50c jar of Resinol. It
is truly a wonderful cure for eczema
and other itching troubles.

F. M. Stevens, D. D. S., Dover, N. H.

Literary Accuracy.

"You write of your hero as stealing
home in the darkness," said the editor.
"Yes," replied the author.

"Well, you ought to know better
than that. He couldn't steal home in
the dark. If it was dark enough to be
worth noting the game would have
been called."

No matter how long your neck may be
or how sore your throat, Hamlin's Wizard
Oil will cure it surely and quickly. It
drives out all soreness and inflammation.

There is no playing fast and loose
with truth. In any game, without
growing the worse for it.—Dickens.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated,
easy to take as candy, regulate and invig-
orate stomach, liver and bowels and cure
constipation.

We could all live on nothing if our
friends would but live on joss.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces
inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

It's a pity that more serious are
not as deep as they are long.

GET A HOME IN ALABAMA

A limited amount of very fine land in South
Alabama is offered for sale by the owner to desirable
settlers. The land produced crops this year worth
over \$500 an acre. Write for full information now.
as there is not much of this land offered.

H. E. MILNER, Dawson, Alabama.

EXCELLENT CORN LAND BARGAINS

100 acres of corn land in Western Canada, with a
new 5000 house, barn and other outbuildings. An
excellent tract at the price of \$15 per acre. 100
acres with good improvements at \$25 per acre. 100
acres unimproved at \$10 per acre. Other land
bargains. Write at once. State Savings Bank,
Kalamazoo, Iowa.

COMB TO THE WHEAT AND CORN BELT

of Kansas. Good land at low prices. We can
make terms to suit. Write for circular. 100 acres
improved \$12.50; 100 acres improved \$15.00; 100 acres
improved \$17.50; 100 acres improved \$20.00; 100 acres
improved \$22.50; 100 acres improved \$25.00; 100 acres
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improved \$477.50; 100 acres improved \$

DOINGS AT THE CAPITAL

Outclass Other Countries in Savings



WASHINGTON.—More than 9,000,000 depositors in the savings banks of the United States hold over \$4,000,000,000. In the last year the number of savings bank depositors has increased over 300,000. The total amount of their deposits has risen \$357,000,000 in twelve months. The average amount of every depositor's account is \$445, which is nearly \$25 more than the average the year before.

It is certain that not less than \$6,000,000 in bank deposits can fairly be counted as savings. The national banks hold about \$800,000,000 of such deposits. The trust companies have about \$700,000,000 in savings accounts. State banks hold over \$500,000,000 on savings bank conditions. Total savings deposits of the country cannot fall under \$6,000,000,000. There are more than 15,000,000 separate accounts in that immense sum. The contrast between these figures

and the statistics which measure the savings of other countries is proof of the difference between the ability to save and the wide diffusion of prosperity in the United States and the conditions in foreign lands.

In Germany, for instance, there are more than 19,000,000 savings accounts, but the total amount represented by that multitude of deposits is only about \$3,400,000,000, or little more than half of the savings deposits in American banks. The United Kingdom, with nearly half as large a population as that of the United States, has about 13,000,000 savings accounts, including postal savings banks of course, but the deposits amount to only about \$1,050,000,000, or 10 per cent of the American total.

Austria and Hungary together have about \$1,600,000,000 in savings deposits owned by nearly 8,000,000 depositors. Italy stands high in the number of savings accounts, with 7,000,000 of them, in round figures, but low in the total amount of the deposits, which are under \$700,000,000.

Japan is a marvel in respect to the wide use of savings banks, including the postal savings department of the government, but the amount of the deposits is very small in proportion to the multitude of accounts.

LORIMER IS CLEARED

U. S. PROBES DECIDE BRIBERY CHARGES ARE NOT PROVEN.

NO DISSENTING VOTE CAST

Report Goes to Full Committee and Later to the Upper House of Congress for Ratification.

Washington.—The subcommittee of the senate which has been investigating the charges of bribery in connection with the election of Senator William Lorimer of Illinois, Monday decided unanimously that the testimony does not prove any of the charges made.

The committee took up the evidence in its entirety at an executive session. It canvassed the testimony, weighed the evidence and the arguments and took into consideration all of the facts that have been advanced in connection with the charges concerning Lorimer's election and decided there had been shown no foundation for the charges that bribery had entered into the case in connection with Mr. Lorimer's election.

The motion finally was offered to report to the full committee of the senate that the charges had not been proved. On this motion there was no dissenting vote in the subcommittee. Following this action the subcommittee's report will be prepared for the full committee at once, and the report will be sent to the senate within a short time.

The charge that Senator Lorimer had purchased his seat in the United States senate was first made publicly when the confession of Charles A. White, a member of the Illinois legislature from O'Fallon, was published on April 30, 1910. The names of Robert E. Wilson, Lee O'Neil Browne, H. J. C. Deckmeyer and Michael Link were mentioned as having been involved in the purchase of the senatorial vote. White confessed that he had been paid \$1,000 for his Lorimer vote by Lee O'Neil Browne, the minority leader in Springfield. White himself was a Democrat, and Senator Lorimer had been elected by a combination of Democrats and Republicans.

Immediately after the publication of the story all the legislators involved were summoned to the state attorney's office in Chicago. Under a grilling examination lasting several days and under the threats of prosecution on perjury charges, confessions of the truth of White's charges were gotten from Link and Deckmeyer. An indictment was returned at once in Cook county charging Lee O'Neil Browne with bribery, and another indictment was returned in Sangamon county charging a similar charge against State Senator John Broderick. Robert E. Wilson was also indicted for bribery and Joseph Clark of Vandallia was indicted on a charge of perjury, he having denied receiving any portion of the money alleged to have been paid him for the Lorimer vote. The indictments against Broderick, Wilson and Clark are still pending in Cook and Sangamon counties.

Lee O'Neil Browne was tried twice in the criminal court of Cook county. The first time the jury disagreed and the second jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

JUSTICE WHITE NOW CHIEF

Louisiana Man Is Confirmed as Head of the United States Supreme Court.

Washington.—President Taft Monday sent to the senate the nomination of Associate Justice Edward Douglass White to be chief justice of the United States Supreme court, and the senate immediately confirmed it. The president also sent in the following nominations:

To be associate justices of the United States Supreme court, Judge Willis Van Devanter of Wyoming and Judge Joseph Rucker Lamar of Georgia.

To be judges of the new Court of Commerce, Martin A. Knapp, now chairman of the Interstate commerce commission, for a term of five years.

Robert W. Archibald, now United States District Judge for the middle district of Pennsylvania, term of four years.

William H. Hunt, now a judge of the Court of Customs Appeals, formerly United States District Judge of the district of Montana, term of three years.

John Emmett Garland of South Dakota, term of two years.

Julian W. Mack, now judge of the appellate circuit court of the First Illinois district, term of one year.

To be members of the Interstate commerce commission: B. H. Meyer of Wisconsin and C. C. McChord of Kentucky.

Take 26 Dead From Mine.—Vancouver, B. C.—Reports Monday from the scene of the accident at the mines of the Western Canada collieries at Bellevue, Alberta, say 26 bodies have been recovered. One of these is the body of Fred Anderson of Hoosier, who was with the first rescue party.

Congressman Cook Stricken.—Washington.—Representative Joel Cook of Pennsylvania suffered a stroke of apoplexy Monday and is at his home here in a serious condition.

THRESHING RETURNS FROM WESTERN CANADA.

They Reveal Larger Averages of Wheat and Oats Than Anticipated.

The returns from the grain fields of Western Canada as revealed by the work of the threshers, show much larger yields than were expected as the crop was ripening. It is a little early yet to give an estimate of the crop as a whole, but individual yields selected from various points throughout Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta show that the farmers there as a rule have had reason to be thankful over the results. Excellent yields are reported from many portions of Manitoba and a large district of Saskatchewan has turned out well, while the central portion of Alberta is splendid. There will be shown at the land exposition at St. Louis a sample of the Marquis wheat—a new variety and one that appears to be well adapted to the soil and climate of Western Canada—that yielded 53 bushels to the acre. The exhibit and statement will be supported by affidavits from the growers. This wheat weighs well, and being a hard variety will find a ready market at the highest prices obtainable for a first-class article. It is interesting to point out that a field of one hundred acres of this wheat would give its producers 5,300 bushels. Sold at 85 cents a bushel would give him \$45 an acre. Counting all the cost of interest on land at \$20 an acre, getting the land ready for crop, seed sowing, harvesting and marketing, the entire cost of production would not exceed \$8 an acre, leaving the handsome net profit of \$37 an acre. Is there any crop that would yield a better return than this, with the same labor and initial expense? Cotton fields will not do it, apple orchards with their great expense of cultivation and the risk to run from the various enemies of the fruit cannot begin to do it. While what is considered an exceptional case just now is presented, there is no doubt that this man's experience may be duplicated by others who care to follow his example. As has been said the growing of this wheat is but in its infancy, and wheat growing is still largely confined to other older varieties that do not yield as abundantly. Even with these we have records before us of farmers who have grown 40 bushels to the acre, others 35, some 30, and others again 25 bushels. Taking even 20 bushels, and some farmers report that amount, it is found that the returns from such a yield would be \$17 an acre. This wheat will cost to get to market, including all expenses, about \$8 an acre, and the farmers will still have a net profit of about \$9 an acre. Certainly the provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba are progressing, settlement is increasing and there is a general contentment all over the country. The social conditions are splendid, the climate is excellent, and there is every condition to make the settler satisfied. At the farming congress, held at Spokane in October, wheat shown by the Alberta Government, took the silver cup, awarded by the Governor of the State. It completely outclassed all other specimens on exhibition, and it was but an ordinary selection, hundreds of fields in Alberta and Saskatchewan being able to duplicate it. There are still available thousands of homesteads, as well as large areas of first-class land—that is being offered for sale at low prices. The agent of the Canadian Government from whom the above facts have been learned expects that the rush to Canada will next year largely exceed the numbers who have gone this year.

Does Your Cat Cough? Poor pussy! As if the immemorial charges against her of keeping us awake at night and of eating canary birds whenever she gets the chance were not enough, the doctors have just discovered that for years she has been responsible for the spread of diphtheria. Dr. G. J. Ayburn of Manchester, England, having traced an epidemic of this disease in a suburb of that city to a pet cat belonging to one of his patients, has found, after much clever investigation, that all cats are peculiarly susceptible to diphtheritic affections of the throat. He has therefore recently been warning all families who own cats to watch them carefully, and if they develop coughs, to forbid their being hugged and petted. Dr. Ayburn further recommends that if the cough persists and the cat begins to grow thin to have the animal destroyed at once. The only really safe way, he says, is to let the first wheeze be pussy's death warrant.

Russia's Growing Population. This year's census of the Russian empire adds another five millions to the population as enumerated in 1908. The czar's subjects now number 100,000,000 and increase every year by 2,500,000 despite wars, epidemics and internal disturbances. As there is no lack of cultivated soil in Russia there seems no reason why this big annual increase should not continue.

Fulfillment. "Two great desires of my life have been gratified. One was to go up in an airship."

"And the other?"

"To get safely back to earth."

To Oblige Him. Mr. Dorkins—You're always bound to have the last word, anyway.

Mrs. Dorkins—Yes, that's because you always wait to hear me say it.

Armen Refugee Goes Back to Turkey



SHALL return to Turkey and minister to the persecutions of my people," says Berniza Baherion, an Armenian girl, who is looking forward to the time when she will return to her native land, whence she fled six years ago, disguised as the servant of a missionary, to escape the massacre of her people.

She will return as an American citizen, an unordained minister of a Christian church, and a graduate nurse with diploma from the Seventh Day Adventist hospital of this city and with the experience in the famous on City hospital. She is just finishing her third and last year in the institution, and this winter will go to England for the postgraduate course in the London hospital before returning to Turkey.

ed if she no longer dreaded those who had attempted to harm her, she said: "They dare not molest me. I lived in this country for six years, now an American citizen. I have out my first papers and am now to swear allegiance to the land of adoption."

White House Season Formally Opens



AL announcement of official dinners to be given at the White House during the season has been made. These official affairs are quite different from those given by Mrs. Taft on the occasions are surer by a more private and personal here.

ing to established custom the on to the diplomat corps will in first, and the date chosen is 10, to be followed a week or two later by the diplomatic dinner. At exception all persons connected with embassies and legations, and members of their families, are to be present, but at the dinner of diplomatic chiefs and their families there are any, receive invitations.

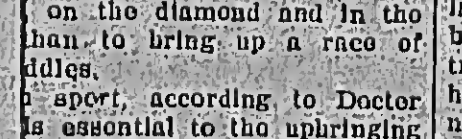
January 24 the annual reception

to the judiciary will take place, which a week later will be followed by the customary dinner to the members of the Supreme court. Mr. Justice Hughes and Mrs. Hughes will attend these functions at the White House as guests of honor for the first time.

The reception to the congressional circles will be on February 7, and as a dinner to these same people would be a practical impossibility at the White House, one is not given, but President and Mrs. Taft conceived the idea of giving a dinner in compliment to the speaker when they took possession of the White House, and last year the custom was inaugurated.

The following Tuesday, February 21, the state functions, which last a trifle over two months, will be concluded with the reception to the army and navy, an affair which has more brilliancy than any of the others, owing to the fact that most of the men guests are in full dress uniform. Most people are uncertain whether they prefer to be present at the first or the last of the receptions, for, of course, that given especially for the diplomats is particularly brilliant.

Health Expert on Dangerous Games



HARVEY W. WILEY, chief of the department of agriculture and national authority on food, has essayed a new role. Wiley has announced himself as a health expert on the danger of playing dangerous games. He has a few boys killed at the game of football and in the game of bringing up a race of dogs.

Wiley is essential to the upbringing of a fearless, sturdy man who will be able to cope with the great of life and to furnish the backbone for a progressive nation. To a reporter Doctor Wiley, even for a few minutes, to sacrifice themselves for

the good of the race than to bring up mollycoddles.

"If all the sports in which persons have sometimes been killed should be eliminated from the list of human activities, only ring-around-the-rosy would be left. Football, of course, never be played again; baseball, riding, driving, swimming, hunting, skating, flying in the air would soon be forgotten pleasures."

"It is that very element of danger in a sport that makes the sport an education in itself. It is the danger in the sport that educates youths and leads to be bold and fearless, and to be resourceful when beset with troublesome problems. The boy who has not played at dangerous games is not apt to know how to work at dangerous labors."

"The out-of-doors life of games, particularly of games of lusty activity, are necessary to children. City boys and girls, as compared with their country cousins, are raised under a restraint that works to their disadvantage."

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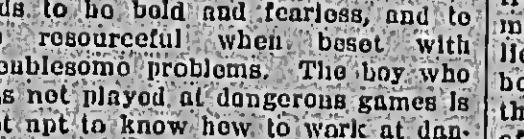
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January 24 the annual reception

to the judiciary will take place, which a week later will be followed by the customary dinner to the members of the Supreme court. Mr. Justice Hughes and Mrs. Hughes will attend these functions at the White House as guests of honor for the first time.

The reception to the congressional circles will be on February 7, and as a dinner to these same people would be a practical impossibility at the White House, one is not given, but President and Mrs. Taft conceived the idea of giving a dinner in compliment to the speaker when they took possession of the White House, and last year the custom was inaugurated.

Health Expert on Dangerous Games



HARVEY W. WILEY, chief of the department of agriculture and national authority on food, has essayed a new role. Wiley has announced himself as a health expert on the danger of playing dangerous games. He has a few boys killed at the game of football and in the game of bringing up a race of dogs.

Wiley is essential to the upbringing of a fearless, sturdy man who will be able to cope with the great of life and to furnish the backbone for a progressive nation. To a reporter Doctor Wiley, even for a few minutes, to sacrifice themselves for

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. H. H. H. H.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

COLT DISTEMPER

Can be handled very easily. The sick are cured, and all chronic diseases, no matter how long standing, are cured by using this Colic Distemper. It is a powerful purgative, and acts on the bowels and expels worms. One bottle guaranteed to cure one case. For sale in all drug stores. Colic Distemper is a powerful purgative, and acts on the bowels and expels worms. One bottle guaranteed to cure one case. For sale in all drug stores. Colic Distemper is a powerful purgative, and acts on the bowels and expels worms. One bottle guaranteed to cure one case. For sale in all drug stores.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Specially Trained, Coshan, Ind., U. S. A.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 SHOES FOR MEN & WOMEN

BOYS' SHOES, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00. BEST IN THE WORLD.

The benefits of free riders, which apply principally to sole leather, and the reduced tariff on sole leather, now enables us to give the wearer more value for his money, better and longer wearing \$3, \$3.50 and \$4 shoes than I could give him previously to this revision.

Do you realize that my shoes have been the standard for over 30 years? That I make and sell more \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the United States? Quality counts. It has made W. L. Douglas shoes a household word everywhere. CAUTION! None genuine without W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes, write for Mail Order Catalogue. W. L. DOUGLAS, 246 Spring St., Brockton, Mass.

EUREKA HARNESS OIL

Will Keep Your Harness soft as a glove tough as a wire black as a coal

Sold by Dealers Everywhere

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

THE Famous Rayo Lamp

Once a Rayo-lamp, always a Rayo-lamp.

The Rayo Lamp is a high grade lamp, sold at a low price. There are lamps that cost more, but there is no better lamp made at any price. Constructed of solid brass; electrically plated—easily kept clean; an of lamp-making that can add to the value of the RAYO Lamp as a lighting device. Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

Household Lubricant

THE ALL-AROUND OIL IN THE HANDY, EVER-READY TIN OILER

Is specially selected for any need in the home. Saves tools from rusting. Can not break. Does not gum or become rancid.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

MICA AXLE GREASE

Keeps the spindle bright and free from grit. Try a box. Sold by dealers everywhere.

STANDARD OIL CO. (Incorporated)

Biggest Profits Bad BLOOD

"Before I began using Cascarella's bad complexion, pimples on my face and my food was not digested as I have been. Now I am entirely free of the pimples and all disappeared. I can truly say that I am just as advertised. I have two boxes of them."

Clarence R. Griffin, Sher

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Do Good. Never Sickens. No. 25c, 50c. Never sold in a tin. Look for the C. C. C. cure or your money back.

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
A. B. JOHNSON, Editor and Prop.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00
Advertising Rates Will be Furnished Upon Application

Telephone Antioch 581

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1910

After Emerson.
"That wealthy young broker has given his motor to a well-known netress." "Yes," he says his father taught him to hitch his wagon to a star."—Life.

Do You Know Him?

The musician had delighted her audience for an hour with classic melody, and at some one's suggestion she was now rendering one of her own compositions.

At the close she wheeled suddenly about on the stool, raised plaudits and general expressions of admiration. Her own little "piece" had struck closer home than the classics.

"Ah," said the listener who had heard the selection for the first time, "that is very beautiful—charming—melodious—it sounds just like something I've heard before."

AUDITORS EXPOSE SHORTAGE

(Continued from page one)

Attorney Beaubine, for Mr. Ames, asked the board if he might be heard and was granted the privilege. He said "In the absence of a detailed report which is to be rendered by the auditors later, there cannot be a great deal said. However I want to impress upon the Supervisors that Mr. Ames stands ready to make good any shortage, if it develops that it exists, directly chargeable to him, namely the \$12,000 occurring through overdrafts. The balance he is of course responsible for, but charges that an employee in his office is to blame, which employee has transferred to J. K. Orvis some property in Wauconda and some in Waukegan to cover, so far as it will. Mr. Ames charges the greater part of the shortage to perjury and treachery of his employee. Mr. Ames wishes the board to keep this in mind and give his bondsmen time to take care of the matter. Attorney Orvis followed and made practically the same remarks, stating that Mr. Ames was thunderstruck at the amount of the shortage but that he with his bondsmen would make it all good, and only asked that time be given so that no one might suffer unduly.

Supervisor Clark replied that he had talked with most of the members of the board and found a sentiment to exist to go slow, be charitable and not to start proceedings with a rush, but that a duty existed which they all recognized and that the people's interests must be protected.

The detailed report of the auditors will in all probability be rendered the latter part of the week, and by it, it is expected that the guilt, if any there is may be placed where it belongs.—Waukegan Sun.

This whole affair is one of vital interest to this community, as Mr. Ames was an Antioch boy and his bondsmen twenty-three in number were all secured in this township, their names are: E. H. Ames, T. J. Smith, Wm. Westlake, Jos. Westlake, H. Beck, Wallace Drom, J. R. Cribb, Richard Kaye, D. A. Williams, E. B. Williams, J. B. Burnett, L. B. Grice, G. D. Paddock, Geo. Webb, W. F. Ziegler, John Engman, Geo. Brown, Wm. Kelly, Jas. Isbester, J. M. Hucker, B. W. Ames, S. LaPlant and G. D. Thayer.

To Stop Cough in Church.

Every woman has experienced the mortification of one of those expiring, hacking little coughs which tickle the throat and seem to grow worse the more one tries to overcome them.

They always come upon one just at a time when the kindly cough drop has been left at home and it is impossible to procure the saving slip of water.

Many a woman has hastily left her seat in a church with a red face and the echo of a hacking little cough following her down the aisle and into the vestibule, when the trouble might have been conquered in a very simple way.

A cough drop is not at all essential to the stopping of a tickling cough.

A bit of paper, torn from the corner of a hymn book leaf or an available pamphlet or leaflet, will answer quite as well as the bit of household or licorice, for the action of the throat muscles in masticating the bit of paper and the consequent flow of saliva soon eases the cough, and by the time the paper is reduced to a pulp the cough will have ceased, and one's nervousness will be entirely gone.

SPECIAL ASSESSMENT NOTICE—SPECIAL WARRANT NO. 2—3

Public notice is hereby given that the County Court of Lake County has rendered judgement for a special assessment upon property benefited by the following improvement.

A cast iron water supply pipe complete on portions of Fox River Road or Main street, Channel Lake road or Lake street, Park, Victoria and Harden streets in the village of Antioch, County of Lake and State of Illinois, as will more fully appear from a certified copy of the judgement on file in my office; that the warrant for the collection of such assessment is in the hands of the undersigned. The total amount of said assessment is \$7,048.

The amount of the first installment is \$1,448.00 and the amount of each succeeding installment is \$1,400.00. Said installments bear interest at the rate of five per cent per annum from the second day of January 1910 to the second day of January 1911, and are payable annually on or before the second day of January of each year.

All persons interested are hereby notified to call and pay the amount assessed at the collector's office, at the State Bank of Antioch, within thirty days of the date thereof.

Dated this 15th day of December A. D. 1910.

W. F. Ziegler,
Village Collector.

Exclusive.

"Don't you desire to be famous?" "No," replied Mr. Groucher. "I don't care to have my name in the encyclopedia along with those of whom I do not approve in the slightest."

To Be Happy.

"To be happy," a woman must not only inspire devotion—she must be able to appreciate it."—A Candidate for Danger," by Evelyn Sherwood.

Working on Their Feelings.

"He can bring his audience to smiles or tears at will," "I suppose some he owes, and some of them owe him."

Saved From Awful Death.

How an appalling calamity in his family was prevented is told by A. D. McDonald, of Fayetteville, N. C. R. F. D. No. 8. "My sister had consumption," he writes, "she was very thin and pale, had no appetite and seemed to grow weaker every day, as all remedies failed, till Dr. King's New Discovery was tried, and so completely cured her, that she has not been troubled with a cough since. Its best medicine I ever saw or heard of." For coughs, colds, lagrippe, asthma, croup, hemorrhage all bronchial troubles, it has no equal, 50c, \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by J. H. Swan.

Lacked Length of Legs.

A large pompous person, wearing a high hat, a long coat, yellow spats and a congenial sneer, for several days made himself obnoxious around a Washington hotel a bit ago.

He announced he was from New York, nudged the bellboys, jawed the clerks, caused the service, reared at the food, complained about his room and the elevator and the telephones and the bar, and everything else.

One afternoon he walked over to the porter and said: "Here you, I'm going to quit this town and go back to New York, where I can get some decent service. I want you to buy me two seats in a parlor car on the 4 o'clock New York train. Get me two seats now, and meet me at the station with the tickets. I want one chair to sit in and one to put my feet in."

The seats were delivered at the train just before it pulled out. One of the seats was in car No. 3 and the other was located in car No. 4.—Cleveland Leader.

Writer of the Bird-Mermaid.
"If you're one of those aggravating persons that makes everybody else aware," says the Philosopher of Folly, "you are guilty of profanity, though you never uttered a cuss word in your life."

Just as Guilty.

"If you're one of those aggravating persons that makes everybody else aware," says the Philosopher of Folly, "you are guilty of profanity, though you never uttered a cuss word in your life."

Cherubini's Advice.

A young man with an extremely powerful voice was in doubt what branch of musical art to adopt. He went to the composer Cherubini for advice. "Suppose you sing me a few bars," said the master. The young fellow sang so loud that the walls fairly shook. "Now," said he, "what do you think I am best fitted for?" "Auctioneer," dryly said Cherubini.—Old Farmer's Almanac, 1882.

Always on Hand.

You can hunt trouble and find fifty times as much as you want; happiness, and a hundred times less.—New York Press.



IMPORTANT to Holiday Gift Buyers

Not many more days until Christmas—and yet you have not arranged to have a piano sent as a surprise to the musical one in your home. This is something you shouldn't hesitate or delay about. You know that you could not give anything which would be more highly valued or which would give more lasting enjoyment. Today then should find you examining the fine instruments which you can see at.

Wm. Keulman's Jewelry Store
ANTIOCH

We are showing the best pianos that The Cable Company's produces in its great factories at Chicago and St Charles, and we have brought them where it will be convenient for you see them.

These instruments are the

Conover Cable Kingsbury
Wellington and Inner-Player Pianos

all well known among musicians for their fine qualities of tone and workmanship.

You Can Buy on Easy Terms

It is necessary to pay the whole down, for we sell on the easy payment plan. Pianos bought now will be held for Christmas delivery if desired.

Expert Tuning—If you now have a piano let our expert tuner and regulator look it over. He is in town nearly every month. Leave your order at the address above.

Cable Piano Company

CHICAGO

T. P. DURKIN,

Special Representative

The Best Christmas Present!

LYON & HEALY'S LELAND PIANO



Our Modern Popular Leader

The Piano That You Have Been Waiting For!

\$195 AT LAST, AFTER NEARLY THREE YEARS' EFFORT, WE ARE ABLE TO OFFER TO THE PUBLIC OUR OWN NEW, MODERN LELAND PIANO \$195

REAL MUSICAL WORTH

This instrument possesses real musical value. It is the product of a company we control and is constructed throughout of standard materials. Its sound board, action, keys, etc., are all of service-giving quality and in every way superior to the grade usually found in inexpensive pianos.

FACTORY PROFITS ELIMINATED

The New Leland Piano presents a value positively never before offered in the history of our house. The factory profit, while we are introducing the new Leland, has been entirely eliminated. You pay only for the cost of materials and the making plus a small retail profit. We know you cannot match it for less than \$75 to \$100 more than our price.

BEAUTIFUL STYLES

The illustration above is an accurate sketch of the style we offer at \$195. The styles we introduce at \$215 and \$225 are equally beautiful.

LOW PRICE AND GOOD QUALITY

This is always an unusual combination. In pianos it is so scarce as to be almost unbelievable. We have new pianos at \$145, \$155, \$165 and \$175. Come in and see them—they were the best thing of the kind until the advent of our new Leland Piano. Just compare them, or any cheap pianos, with Lyon & Healy's own Leland Piano. After comparison, you will see what we mean when we say that every new Leland Piano on our floors ought to be snapped up (we reserve till Christmas) almost immediately.

Terms:

One Dollar a Week

The Leland is an instrument you may be proud of.

Lyon & Healy

Wabash Avenue and Adams Street
CHICAGO

Terms:

One Dollar a Week



Blooded Stock for sale at prices and on terms to suit all

Inspection is invited of a quantity of pedigreed breeding stock which is in excess of the requirements of Hawthorn Farm. The stock is registered and consists of Brown Swiss bull calves, Brown Swiss yearling bulls, Shorthorn yearling bulls and Berkshire and Duroc boars.

Hawthorn Farm

(ANDREW EFINGER, Supt.)

Libertyville, Illinois

Telephone Libertyville 2733

Post Office: R. F. D. No. 1, Prairie View, Ill.



LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcements and the Elgin Butter Market

ELGIN, ILL., Dec. 12.—Butter firm at 30c. Output for the week, 639,700 lbs.

Arthur Herman of Waukegan was home over Sunday.

The latest thing in ties for Christmas at Chase Webb's.

Rev. A. O. Stixrud spent Monday and Tuesday in Chicago.

F. L. Carr of Waukegan was a business visitor in Antioch Tuesday.

J. B. Richardson of English Prairie was an Antioch visitor Tuesday.

The official census figures give the population of the United States at 93,402,151.

Misses Ruth and Elsie Williams of Chicago spent Sunday with their parents here.

Use Red Cross Christmas seals on your letters and packages. For sale at Webb's Racket store. Only one cent each.

The Board of Supervisors met in their regular December meeting on Tuesday of this week.

In another column of this paper will be found the announcement of the candidacy of Chas. Whitney for Circuit Judge.

If you are thinking of sending a distant relative or friend a Christmas present, none better could be selected than your year's subscription to the Antioch News.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Selter spent the last part of the week in Chicago, where they formerly attended a Masonic meeting, the entire work of which was conducted in the German language.

Divine services at the Christian church on Sunday next, December 18, 12:30. Catechetical class and Sunday school at 2:00 p. m. Rev. G. H. Voss, pastor, will preach, subject, "The Christian's Joy."

Howard Smith was pleasantly surprised when on Saturday evening of last week a bus load of young people called at his home at Channel to spend a few hours in merry pastime. All received a hearty welcome and the hours sped rapidly away until midnight when a bounteous lunch was served. Those present were: Misses Helen Dismore, Jean Smith, Deedie Tiffany, Belle Hughes, Pauline Smart, Mary Schilke, Mabel Brogan, Hazel Tiffany, Deborah Cribb, Eva Felter, Alice Dismore and Edith Tillotson, and Messrs. Ben Burke, Paul Foris, Chas. McGuire, Hessel Faber, Archie Mapethorp, Will Parsons, Ray Webb, Earl Wedge, Louis Van Patten, Nason Sibley, and Howard Smith.

Mrs. E. C. Sabin is spending this week in Chicago.

H. A. Wienke has a new "ad" in another column on this.

Silk mufflers for Christmas at Chase Webb's.

Miss Elizabeth Webb spent Tuesday in Chicago.

Children's fancy wool sweater coats from two to ten years at Chase Webb's.

Webb has more useful Christmas presents for men and boys than anybody Call and see.

The Allendale boys are making preparations for their annual Christmas play to be given Monday afternoon, January 2.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to us are respectfully requested to call and settle before January 1st, 1911. Tiffany & Felter.

Waukegan's G. A. R. men have given one sixth of all the money in their treasury to the Y. M. C. A. fund, their donation amounting to \$25.

The Antioch school will close Friday of next week for a two week's vacation. Christmas exercises will be held Friday afternoon in the school building.

Waukegan is endeavoring to raise \$50,000 for a Y. M. C. A. fund and judging from the way the money is coming in their hopes will soon be realized.

Fred Ames, ex-County Treasurer now has what was formerly the private desk of the late John Alexander Dowie, as his personal desk in his office in the Wetzel building at Waukegan.

Mrs. Thomas, mother of Mrs. E. A. Dorrance, both of whom are well known ladies in this vicinity, died at the Dorrance home at Englewood on Tuesday of this week after a short illness of pneumonia.

If you need a good ready made skirt give me a call. I have chiffon panama from \$7.75 up, French voile beautifully made and trimmed for \$6.75 and up. Fine French serge and worsted \$7.50 and up, and also taffeta silk skirts at \$9.50. These skirts are fitted free of charge. Mrs. A. G. Watson.

At a meeting of the Royal Neighbor hold at their hall last Tuesday evening the following officers were elected: Oracle, Mrs. Chas. Richards; Vice Oracle, Mrs. Geo. Kuhaup; Recorder, Mrs. Chas. Powles; Receiver, Miss Cora Hooper; Chancellor, Mrs. Johnson; Marshal, Miss Mary Drury; Inside Sentinel, Mrs. Jos. Panowski; Outside Sentinel, Mrs. Henry Herman; Physician, Dr. Warriner; Board of Manager, Mrs. L. B. Grice.

Christmas candy and nuts cheap at Chase Webb's.

W. S. Westlake was a Waukegan visitor Monday.

Dr. E. H. Ames was a Waukegan passenger Monday.

E. B. Williams spent Monday and Tuesday in Waukegan.

Fancy dress shirts and sweater coats for Christmas at Chase Webb's.

Miss Bertha Turner will spend her Christmas vacation at her home in New York.

Wm. Belter has rented the James farm across the river and will take possession next March.

Seal your letters and packages with Red Cross Christmas seals, and help a worthy cause. For sale at Webb's Racket store.

Don't fail to see the line of hand painted china at Overton's drug store before making your Christmas selections. A varied assortment at various prices awaits your inspection.

Indiana Silos—Wm. Stoffel, McHenry Ill., agent for northern and western Lake County. Special discount for early orders. A postal card will bring us to your place. 13m4

To any one having their auction bills printed at this office we will loan free of charge 100 tin drinking cups, to be used in serving lunch and to be returned to this office after sale.

The members of the Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church wish to extend thanks to each and every one who helped to make their recent bazaar a success either by contributions or patronage.

Antioch merchants were never better equipped with suitable goods for the holiday trade than they are at this time. Buyers cannot find better bargains nor a greater variety of suitable goods than they can here in Antioch and the time to buy is now.

The next regular meeting of the Angola cemetery society will be held at the home of Mrs. H. Potter at Lake Villa on Tuesday afternoon December 27, at two o'clock. All members are requested to be present at this election of officers.

Christmas exercises will be held in the basement of the M. E. church on Saturday evening the 24th. Anything to be put on the tree may be brought Saturday afternoon after two o'clock. The committee desires that presents be brought as early as possible.

Hereafter my office will be with the Waukegan Abstract company, 209 Madison street, Waukegan. I shall also give my attention to law practice in the County Court and to matters pertaining to real estate titles. 13w4 D. L. Jones.

The term to which Judge Wright had been elected would not expire until 1915 so that more than four years of the term is yet to run. When the term has less than one year, the governor has power to appoint some one to fill the vacancy, but in this case a special primary and then a special election to follow will be the procedure in order to determine the successor of the Boone County deceased jurist.

See Wienke's closing out sale "ad" on this page.

Fancy hose and suspenders for Christmas at Chase Webb's.

Good fur lined gloves and mittens at Chase Webb's.

Miss Gertrude Smart was a Chicago visitor Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wilton are visiting with relatives in Nebraska.

W. T. Taylor attended a banquet of the Illinois Social Club, which is composed of the head officers of the M. W. A. and the various delegates, at Chicago Friday evening and on Saturday evening he attended the class adoption of 1723 candidates from Cook county.

Goethe's Voluminous Prose. Besides the books which are best known to English readers, "Faust," "Wilhelm Meister," etc., Goethe is the author of 44 dramas, melodramas and farces, and any amount of travel and criticism, and even his poetical writings constitute a sort of enormous dumpling, with very few currants indeed in proportion to the dough.—Buchanan.

A Sensitive Ear. The poet, Malherbe, the founder of the purity of the French language, was very sensitive on the score of diction. When, during his last moments, his confessor, by way of encouraging him, began to enlarge on the joys of paradise. "Stop," cried Malherbe. "Your ungrammatical style is giving me a distaste for heaven!"

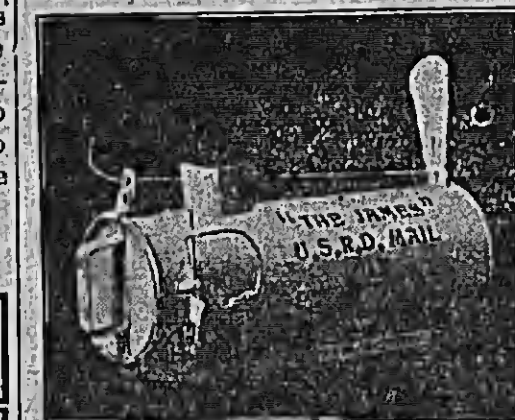
Adjudication Notice. Public notice is hereby given that the subscriber, administrators of the estate of Robert L. Strang, deceased, will attend the County Court of Lake County, at a term thereof to be held at the Court House in Waukegan, in said county, on the first Monday of February, next, 1911, when and where all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to present the same to said court for adjudication. ERMA STRANG, VICTOR H. STRANG, Administrators. Waukegan, November 28th, 1910. Whitney, Dady & Royard, Attorneys.

LOTUS CAMP No. 557 M. W. A. meets at 7:30 the first and third Monday evening of every month in Woodmen hall, Antioch, Illinois. Visiting Neighbors always welcome. S. LA PLANT, V. C. J. C. JAMES, JR., Clerk.

SEQUOIA LODGE, No. 827 A. F. & A. M., hold regular communications the first and third Wednesday evenings of every month. Visiting Brothers always welcome. FRANK HUBER, W. M. NORMAN PROCTOR, Sec'y. The Eastern Star meets Second and Fourth Thursdays of each month. EMMA SIMONS, W. M. OLIVE READING, Sec'y.

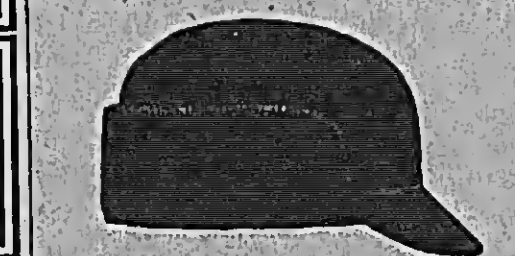
J. C. JAMES, JR. UNDERTAKER LICENSED EMBALMER Licensed by the State Board of Health

W. J. WHITE Funeral Director Lady Assistant Licensed Embalmer Calls Answered Day or Night Phone 313 Antioch, Ill.



THE BOX YOU WANT THE BOX THE CARRIER WANTS Signals can't blow down. They never stick or freeze.

J. C. JAMES Antioch Illinois



FUR CAPS \$2.00, \$3.50, \$5.00 \$8.00 and \$12.00

THE T. E. GRAY HAT CO. Factory and Store 108 S. Genesee St. WAUKEGAN ILLINOIS

Are You Going to Paint or Decorate This Year?

Yes. Then call on

C. A. REGAL Painter and Decorator

First Class Work and Lowest Prices.

Telephone 354

LAKE VILLA

THE ANTIOCH CARRIAGE WORKS

NEW MANAGEMENT

Sign and Carriage Painting

STORAGE ROOMS

Shop Mixed Paints

Best of Materials Only

Trimming and Repairing

FRANK B. HUBER

Antioch

Illinois

A. E. TRUMAN

F. COLLINS

JOBGING IN GENERAL

GET YOUR WORK DONE THIS FALL

TRUMAN & COLLINS

Painting and Decorating

In All Its Branches

PAPER HANGING A SPECIALTY

ESTIMATES GIVEN

R. F. D. No. 1

ANTIOCH, ILL.

BEAUTY and UTILITY COMBINE IN HOUSEHOLD ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES ..

The taste of the artist is employed in the adornment of the work of the inventor and engineer in their construction. Thus the long list of appliances contains many suggestions timely to the approaching season of giving and receiving presents. Ask your neighbor who possesses a rug cleaner or a sewing machine motor, or a washing machine, or an electrical iron, toaster, chafing dish, toilet appliance or anything else operated by current, what a convenience and what a labor savor it is and you will straightway listen to one of the best of advertisements—the testimonial of a user.

We sell everything electrical at our show rooms at Antioch, Crystal Lake, Waukegan, Highland Park, Evanston, Park Ridge, LaGrange, Harvey, Chicago Heights including household appliances at the lowest prices.

North Shore Electric Company

CLOSING OUT SALE

Having decided to retire and move away from Antioch, I will close out my entire stock of Boots, Shoes and Rubber goods

AT COST

Beginning Saturday, December 17

And continuing until entire stock is disposed of

H. A. WIENKE

Antioch

Illinois

ANTIOCH NEWS

A. H. JOHNSON, Publisher

ANTIOCH

ILLINOIS

The Courage of Captain Plum

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Illustrations by Magnus G. Keltner

(Copyright 1908 by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

SYNOPSIS:

Capt. Nathaniel Plum of the sloop Typhoon, lands secretly on Beaver Island, stronghold of the Mormons. Captain Plum, Mormon counselor, confronts him, tells him he is expected, and bargains for the ammunition aboard the sloop. He binds Nat by a solemn oath to deliver a package to Franklin Pierce, president of the United States. Near Pierce's cabin Nat sees the frightened face of a young woman who disappears in the darkness, leaving an odor of lilacs. It develops that Nat's visit to the island is to defend settlement of the king, Strang, for the looting of his sloop by Mormons. Price shows Nat the king's palace, and through a window he sees the lady of the lilacs, who Price says is the king's seventh wife. Calling at the king's office Nat is warned by a young woman that his life is in danger. Strang professes indignation when he hears Nat's grievance and promises to punish the guilty. Nat rescues Nell, who is being publicly whipped, and the king orders the sheriff, Arbor Croche, to pursue and kill the two men. Plum learns that Marion, the girl of the lilacs, is Nell's sister. The two men plan to escape on Nat's sloop and take Marion and Winsome, daughter of Arbor Croche, and sweetheart of Nell. Nat discovers that the sloop is gone. Marion tells him that his ship has been seized by the Mormons. She begs him to leave the island, telling him that nothing can save her from Strang, whom she is doomed to marry. Plum finds Price raving mad. Recovering, he tells Nat that Strang is doomed, that armed men are descending on the island. Nat learns that Marion has been summoned to the castle by Strang. Nat kills Arbor Croche, and after a desperate fight with the king, leaves him for dead. The evening host from the mainland descends on St. James. Nell and Nat take a part in the battle and the latter is wounded. Strang, whom Nat thought he had killed, orders him thrown into a dungeon. He finds Nell a fellow prisoner.

(CHAPTER X.—Continued.)

"She always seemed like such a little child to me that I never dared to tell her," he faltered. "I've done it in this."

"How will you get the note to her?" "I know the jailer. Perhaps when he comes to bring us our dinner I can persuade him to send it to her."

Nathaniel thrust his hands into his pockets. His fingers dug into Obadiah's gold.

"Would this help?" he asked.

He brought out a shimmering handful of it and counted the pieces upon the table.

"Two hundred dollars—if he will deliver that note," he said.

Nell stared at him in amazement.

"If he won't take it for that—I've got more. I'll go a thousand."

Nell stood silent, wondering if his companion was mad. Nathaniel saw the look in his face and his own flushed with sudden excitement.

"Don't you understand?" he cried.

"That note means heaven or hell for Winsome! It means life—her whole future! And you know what this little means for us," he said more calmly.

"It means that we're at the end of our rope, that the game is up, that neither of us will ever see Marion or Winsome again. That note is the last word in life from us—from you. It's a dying prayer. Tell Winsome your love, tell her that it is your last wish that she go out into the big, free world—away from this hell-hole, away from Strang, away from the Mormons, and live as other women live! And commanded by your love—she will go!"

"I've told her that!" breathed Nell.

"I knew you would!"

Nathaniel threw another handful of gold on the table.

"Five hundred!" he exclaimed. "It's cheap enough for a woman's soul!"

He motioned for Nell to put the money in his pocket. The pain was coming back into his head, he grew dizzy, and hastened to the bench. Nell came and sat beside him.

"So you think it's the end?" he asked. He was glad that his companion had guessed the truth.

"Don't you?"

"Yes."

There was a minute's dark silence. The ticking of Nathaniel's watch sounded like the tapping of a stick.

"What will happen?"

"I don't know. But whatever it may be it will come to us soon. Usually it happens at night."

"There is no hope?"

"Absolutely none. The whole mainland is at the mercy of Strang. He fears no retribution now, no punishment for his crimes, no hand stronger than his own. He will not even give us the pretense of a hearing. I am a traitor, a revolutionist—you have attempted the life of the king. We are both condemned—both doomed."

Nell spoke calmly and his companion strove to master the terrible pain at his heart as he thought of Marion. If Nell could go to the end like a martyr he would at least make an attempt to do as much. Yet he could not keep from saying:

"What will become of Marion?"

He felt the tremor that passed through his companion's body.

"I have implored Winsome to do

all that she can to get her away," replied Nell. "If Marion won't go—He clenched his hands with a moaning curse and sprang to his feet, again pacing back and forth through the gloomy dungeon. "If she won't go I swear that Strang's triumph will be short!" he cried suddenly. "I cannot guess the terrible power that the king possesses over her, but I know that once his wife she will not endure it long. The moment she becomes that, her bondage is broken. I know it. I have seen it in her eyes. She will kill herself!"

Nathaniel rose slowly from the bench and came to his side. "She won't do that!" he groaned. "My God—she won't do that!"

Nell's face was blanched to the whiteness of paper.

"She will," he repeated quietly. "Her terrible pact with Strang will have been fulfilled. And I—I am glad—glad—"

He raised his arms to the dripping blackness of the dungeon ceiling, his voice shaking with a cold, stifled anguish. Nathaniel drew back from that tall, straight figure, step by step, as though to hide beyond the flickering candle glow the betrayal that had come into his face, the blazing fire that seemed burning out his eyes. If what Nell had said was true—

Something choked him as he dropped alone upon the bench.

If it was true—Marion was dead?

He dropped his head in his hands and sat for a long time in silence, listening to Nell as he walked tirelessly over the muddy earth. Not until there came a rattling of the chain at the cell door and a creaking of the rusty hinges did he lift his face. It was the jailer with a huge armful of straw. He saw Nell approach him after he had thrown it down. Their low voices came to him in a lodis-dact murmur. After a little he caught the sound of the chinking gold pieces.

Nell came and sat down beside him as the heavy door closed upon them again.

"He took it," he whispered exultantly. "He will deliver it this morning. If possible he will bring us an answer. I kept out a hundred and told him that a reply would be worth that to him."

Nathaniel did not speak, and after a moment's silence Nell continued:

"The jury is assembling. We will know our fate very soon."

He rose to his feet, his words quivering with nervous excitement, and Nathaniel heard him kicking about in the straw. In another breath his voice hissed through the gloom in a sharp, startled command:

"Good God, Nat, come here!"

Something in the strange fierceness of Nell's words startled Nathaniel,

Even in these last hours of failure and defeat the fire of adventure

flamed up in Nathaniel's blood. He felt his nerves leaping again to action, his arms grew tense with new ambition—almost he forgot that death had him cornered and was already preparing to strike him down. Another thought replaced all fear of this. A few feet beyond that log wall were gathered the men whose bloodthirsty deeds had written for them one of the reddest pages in history—men who had burned their souls out in the destruction of human lives, whose passions and loves and hatreds carried with them life and death; men who had bathed themselves in blood and lived in blood until the people of the mainland called them "the leeches."

"The Mormon jury!" Nathaniel spoke the words scarcely above his breath.

"I'd like to take a look through that hole, Nell," he added.

"Easy enough—if you keep quiet. Here!" He doubled himself against the wall. "Climb up on my shoulders."

No sooner had Nathaniel's face come to a level with the hole than a soft cry of astonishment escaped him. Nell whispered hoarsely, but he did not reply. He was looking into a room twice as large as the dungeon cell and lighted by narrow windows whose lower panes were on a level with the ground outside. At the farther end of the room, in full view, was a platform raised several feet from the main floor. On this platform were seated ten men, immovable as statues, every face gazing straight ahead. Directly in front of them, on the lower floor, stood the Mormon king, and at his side, partly held in the embrace of one of his arms was Winsome!

Strang's voice came to him in a low, solemn monotone, its rumbling depth drowning the words he was speaking, and as Nathaniel saw him lift his arm from about the girl's shoulders and place his great hand upon her head he dug his own fingers fiercely into the rotting logs and an imprecation burned in his breath. He did not need to hear what the king was saying. It was a pentameter in which every gesture was understandable. But even Nell, huddled against the wall, heard the last words of the prophet as they thundered forth in sudden passion.

"Winsome Croche demands the death of her father's murderer!"

Nathaniel felt his companion's shoulders shivering under his weight and he leaped quickly to the floor.

"Winsome is there!" he panted desperately. "Do you want to see her?"

Nell hesitated.

"No. Your boots gouge my shoulders. Take them off!"

The scene had changed when Nathaniel took his position again. The jury had left its platform and was filing through a small door. Winsome and the king were alone.

The girl had turned from him. She was deathly pale and yet she was wondrously beautiful, so beautiful that Nathaniel's breath came to quick dread as the king approached her. He could see the triumph in his eyes, a terrible eagerness in his face. He seized Winsome's hand and spoke to her in a soft, low voice, so low that it came to Nathaniel only in a murmur. Then, in a moment, he began stroking the shimmering curls between his fingers until the blood seemed as if it must burst like hot sweat from Nathaniel's face. Suddenly Winsome drew back from him, the pallor gone from her face, her eyes blazing like angry stars. She had retreated but a step when the prophet sprang to her, and caught her in his arms, straining her to him until the scream on her lips was choked to a gasping cry. In answer to that cry a yell of rage hurled itself from Nathaniel's throat.

"Stop, you hell-bound!" he cried threateningly. "Stop!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WINNSOME CROCHE DEMANDS THE DEATH OF HER FATHER'S MURDERER.

Like the thrilling twinges of an electric shock. He darted across the cell and found Marion's brother with his shoulder against the door.

"It's open!" he whispered. "The door—is—open!"

The hinges creaked under his weight. A current of air struck them in the face. Another instant and they stood in the corridor, listening, crushing back the breath in their lungs, not daring to speak. Gently Nell drew his companion back into the cell.

"There's a chance—one chance in ten thousand!" he whispered. "At the end of this corridor there is a door—the jailer's door. If that's not locked, we can make a run for it! I'd rather die fighting—than here!"

He slipped out again, pressing Nathaniel back.

"Wait for me!"

Nathaniel heard him stealing slowly through the blackness. A minute later he returned.

"Locked!" he exclaimed.

In the opposite direction a ray of light caught Nathaniel's eye.

"Where does that light come from?" he asked.

"Through a hole about as big as your two hands. It was made for a stove pipe. If we were up there we could see into the jury room."

They moved quietly down the corridor until they stood under the aperture, which was four or five feet above their heads. Through it they could hear the sounds of voices but could not distinguish the words that were being spoken.

"The jury," explained Nell. "They're in a devil of a hurry! I wonder why?"

Nathaniel could feel his companion shrug himself in the darkness.

"Lord—for my revolver!" he whispered excitedly. "One shot through that hole would be worth a thousand notes to the girls!"

He caught Marion's brother by the arm as a voice louder than the others came to them.

"Strang!"

"Yes—the king!" affirmed Nell, laying an expositulating hand on him.

"Hush!"

"I would like to see—"

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"Hush!"

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NECESSITY FOR PROVIDING PIGS COMFORTABLE QUARTERS

Many Things of Vital Importance in Making Hog Business Entirely Profitable—Must Have Proper Shelter With Exercise.



Poland-China Sow and Litter of Pigs.

(By W. H. UNDERWOOD.)

In raising pigs there are several things, very essential, which are difficult to secure in the right degree in the winter time, and which sometimes make the winter litter rather costly.

Hogs are great lovers of warmth and they must have it for their economical growth. This has been fully demonstrated by the experiment stations in the different fattening trials. The cost of the grain in several instances was almost double with out side feeding as compared with a warm shelter, all other things being as nearly equal as was possible.

Warmth is even more of a necessity to the suckling pig, and to obtain that warmth and give the little fellow sufficient amount of exercise is where the difficulty comes in.

It is an easy matter to make the bed warm enough, but as soon as the pig leaves the nest for exercise out in the open, it becomes chilly and soon returns to the warm bed. Not taking exercise sufficient to keep it from becoming too fat, thumps follow and death ensues. An abundance of exercise is necessary to avoid the thumps in young pigs when they are getting all the milk and other foods they can eat.

In raising winter pigs there are six really very important things to be taken into consideration: Warmth, exercise, good feed, ventilated quarters, sunshine and good blood.

In order to have these a warm and quite roomy building, which will make ventilation easier and allow the pigs to play without going out in the open is necessary. When the weather is

sufficiently warm they should be out of doors as much as possible, especially when the sun shines. Plenty of sunshine is the greatest disinfectant and invigorator known.

Some years ago I had a couple of litters come early in the winter. The weather was very cold and for want of a better place to keep them than the one in which they were farrowed, I penned up a little corner of the cow stable in which were kept at night 30 head of cattle. The building was 35 by 50 feet, and when closed at night with the cattle in it was quite comfortable. This proved to be almost an ideal place for the pigs.

They were given fresh bedding every night and a fresh supply of bedding put in every day. These pigs grew exceedingly fat.

Under ordinary farm conditions it is a doubtful proposition to attempt to raise many winter pigs with good results, but under special conditions a few litters may be made profitable. The greatest obstacle is to provide enough warm space for the pigs to run about freely without becoming chilled for lack of sufficient sunshine.

Scours and thumps often cause very serious losses among young pigs. The former is caused usually by over-feeding, by providing badly spoiled feed, by an abrupt change of ration or by a change in feed that affects the milk of the dam. The latter is generally brought about by over-feeding and lack of exercise.

An illustration is shown herewith of a Poland-China sow, with her litter of pigs. This breed put on fat rapidly, are docile and easily handled.

RAISING FUEL FOR HOUSEHOLD

Systematic Planting and Cultivation of Forest Trees in Branch of Agriculture Yet in Infancy.

(By R. B. BUCKHAM, Salem, Mass.) A very small acreage of woodland, if properly handled, can be made to yield the necessary fuel for the household, from year to year, and yet maintain an average growth, or even increase in value.

The tree growth of the woodlot should be encouraged in every possible way. All dead wood should be conscientiously removed and added to the woodpile. It will serve well as excellent kindling, at least, and does away with one of the chief sources of disease among growing wood. It has been proven that a very large percentage of all the ailments of forest trees arises from the decaying deadwood lying about them.

Thinning correctly is a second requisite to making the woodlot most profitable. Where the standing growth is too close, all are compelled to suffer for the lack of air and light. Hence some can well be removed, to the benefit of the remainder.

Where an area of any dimensions has been laid bare, it should be reseeded immediately, if the second growth does not start satisfactorily, it is as poor economy to allow parts

of the woodlot to lie idle, as any other portion of the farm.

The increase of the more valuable trees should be encouraged, such as the oak, pine, hickory and ash. Some trees are of no value, save as stove wood, and are poor, even at that. Yet, strange enough, at the start they are the most vigorous, and always succeed at making the most rapid growth at the start; thus holding their own at the expense of their competitors. There are weeds among trees, as well as among plants.

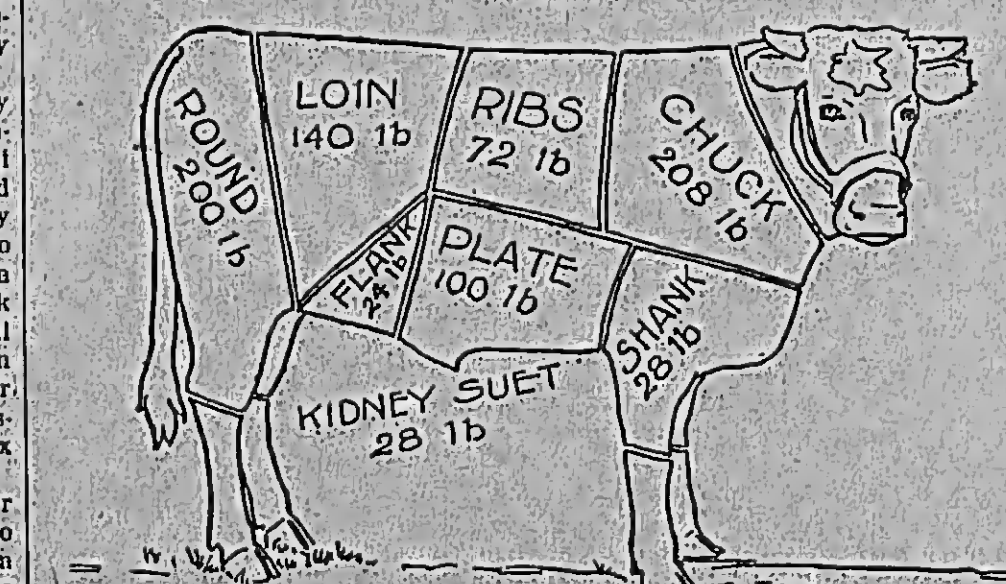
Forest tracts are indispensable to the welfare and best interests of the community. We cannot well do without them, because of their salubrious influence upon the climate, their conservation of the supply of moisture, and their value for purifying the atmosphere, to say nothing of their commercial value.

We must look to the farmer for the presence of the necessary amount of forest trees. Upon them will fall the burden of bearing this responsibility.

But that they will profit largely therefrom is well illustrated by the fact that the artificial timber tracts which already exist in what was formerly the great, bare, wind-swept western plains, are already of incalculable value.

Systematic planting and cultivation of forest trees is a branch of agriculture yet in its infancy, but one which will prove exceedingly important before the history of this country shall have been written.

STEER OF PROFITABLE FORM



This steer weighed 1,300 pounds alive and 800 pounds dressed. This makes his dressing percentage 62. He is an example of the most profitable steer to feed, says Farm and Home. Note the broad head, straight, level back and deep flank.

TWO WORLD FAMED GRANNIES

One of These Talented Women is Sarah Bernhardt and the Other Ellen Terry.

Two famous grandmothers are distinguished visitors to this country. Referring to these talented ladies the Rochester Post Express says: "One of the grandmothers is Mme. Sarah Bernhardt; the other is Ellen Terry. Both actresses have reached an age when it is permissible to retire from active life; but the French actress is said to be as energetic as a woman half her age, while Ellen Terry is declared to be as young as ever she was in the palm days when she and Henry Irving ruled the theatrical world of England. Miss Terry has retired from the stage so far as acting is concerned, and has taken to lecturing on Shakespeare's heroines. And who could do better than she who has played so many of the womanly women of the great dramatist? Readers of her breezy biography know what she thinks of Portia, Desdemona, Viola, Rosalind and other famous women of the tragedies and comedies, but no printed page could charm as does the wonderfully expressive features and the velvet voice of the greatest living English-speaking actress."

SAVED OLD LADY'S HAIR

"My mother used to have a very bad humor on her head which the doctors called an eczema, and for it I had two different doctors. Her head was very sore and her hair nearly all fell out in spite of what they both did. One day her niece came in and they were speaking of how her hair was falling out and the doctors did it no good. She says, 'Aunt, why don't you try Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment?' Mother did and they helped her. In six months' time the itching, burning and scaling of her head was over and her hair began growing. Today she feels much in debt to Cuticura Soap and Ointment for the fine head of hair she has for an old lady of seventy-four."

"My own case was an eczema in my feet. As soon as the cold weather came my feet would itch and burn and then they would crack open and bleed. Then I thought I would flee to my mother's friends, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I did for four or five winters, and now my feet are as smooth as any one's. Ellsworth Dunham, Hiram, Me., Sept. 30, 1909."

TOO BAD.



Mr. Knoeker—I had little faith in the curative properties of your medicine.

The Agent—But it cured you?

Mr. Knoeker—Yes, of even the little faith I had in it.

Sense of Taste.

From a series of experiments recently made at the University of Kansas it is evident that the average person can taste the bitter of quinine when one part is dissolved in 52,000 parts of water. Salt was detected in water when one part to 640 of the liquid was used. Sugar could be tasted in 228 parts of water, and common soda in 48. In nearly all cases women could detect a smaller quantity than men.

Rosemary—that's for Remembrance

A Christmas Story by S. R. Crockett

HE Morris-Moore had just had their first—no, not quarrel—fight. Harry was now in his study pulling down books he did not want and piling them up on his table. He selected a row of notebooks bearing titles, "The Grisons and the Italian Valleys." He got out extensive white-blotted Swiss survey maps, and files of the little "Ladino" paper printed at Samaden. He had got all this up thoroughly on his last journey, and now was the time to dip deep into the pile of printed and annotated "stuff." It would help him to forget anything so absolutely silly as a little wife upstairs in her room, the tears of temper still wet on her cheeks, and employing her small white teeth in reducing to tattered "waste" a soaked lace pocket handkerchief.

Henry Morris-Moore felt himself very superior. He was calm, cold, judicial, and above what he called "infantile tempers."

Upstairs Clara wept and fretted.

To think, only to think—scarcely ten months married, and it had come to this! Ah, if only she had known! Were all men so cruel, so bitter? Did nobody care for her? She would go to her mother—No (Clara's reflection came refreshingly cool, like a splash of cold water); no—no—well, not quite that! For one thing, she knew her mother; and Mrs. Murray-Linklater would "pack her back to her husband." Clara heard her mother speak these very words.

But—it was over. So much was fixed. Never, never would it be "glad, confident morning again." Henry had settled that when he spoke those words—those cruel dividing words. He had said—had said—well, Clara could not



CLARA WAS LOOKING SIDWAYS AT THE PATTERN OF THE CARPET

herself swept off the piano stool and installed where, on the rounded arm of a big easy chair, she had little more liberty of movement than that of swinging her feet naughtily and rebelliously, while her husband questioned her.

"What book were you reading so intently this afternoon when I came upon you in the corridor? Let me see it?"

"Shan't!" (A time). "Oh, you coward! Because you are strong! I shall go to—"

"Where? To whom?" said Harry, easily.

"To my—to Aunt Laetitia."

"She wouldn't have you, child," laughed her husband, "and besides, she would charge you board—which I should have to pay!"

"Well, I would pay it out of my own money—there!"

"What own money?"

"My house money!"

"You forget, Mrs. Morris-Moore," said her husband, gravely, "if you run away you wouldn't have any house money!"

Then in a burst, as he shook her, "Oh, you great baby," he cried, "make up. Bring the book! It was a volume of your diary. I know by the lock. I'll show you mine. Fair exchange! Off with you!"

"Well, come with me, then," said Clara, holding out her hand, "but don't you think I'm giving in. It's only yielding to brute force. My spirit is unconquered."

"Never mind your spirit," said her lord, "fetch the book!"

And in these books, the greater and the lesser, they read late into the night.

And this was what they found.

"Christmas eve"—said Clara, "begin there!"

And she paused, waiting, with her finger in its place.

"Oh," said her husband, "I don't think there is much!"

"And you call yourself a writer!"

"Well, shall I begin?" Clara was all on pins and needles now. She could hardly keep still. The quarrel was forgotten.

"Christmas eve" (she read). "A dull day—"

Paid calls in the lane—Went to Margaret's. Baby is adorable and Tom begins to love me and calls me Aunt dear-er. Came home by Gram's and brought back fruit for dinner. There is a man coming, a friend of father's. It is a horrid nuisance!"

Here Clara Moore broke off suddenly.

"Oh, I wrote everything fresh, you see. I wanted to remember. You've no idea how bad my memory used to be in those days. Being married helps. One has to remember one's husband's iniquities."

"Set in a notebook, learned and cooned by rote," murmured Harry.

His wife stopped and looked severely at him.

"Well," she said, "I did write a lot, I know, and yours is no fair exchange. I did it partly as an exercise, you see, for I was considered very good at composition at school, whatever you may think. Besides, I don't believe you have anything in that book at all."

"Oh, yes—I have!" and she flourished a closely written page of memoranda before her eyes.

"Well," she said, with a sigh (and her eyes were dim and distant), "I will read—though I never thought to let anyone see—not even you. But since you have been so horrid to me, I will."

It seemed an odd reason, but Harry wisely nodded. Clara fluttered some leaves thoughtfully. "Where shall I go on?" she asked, knitting her brows.

"You did begin from the beginning," he smiled as he spoke, "why not continue?"

She glanced up with sudden shyness, almost as he spoke, "why not continue?"

She glanced up with sudden shyness, almost like a surprised eye.

"You were saying that it was a horrid nuisance, having me come to dinner," said Harry Moore, "did you change your mind?"

"Here it is," said his wife, running her eye down the columns of close-knit writing. "11:00 p.m. He is gone. It was not so horrid after all. But I think he likes Edith best. He is big and badly dressed. Why can't writers and artistic people dress humanly? He had on the funniest tie I ever saw, and a beard, and he came in a big gray cloak like one of Miller's shopkeepers. But he talked—yes, it was worth

while hearing him talk. Not much to me, though, but he looked at me a lot, and somehow seemed to be conscious of everything I was doing. Dr. Stonor came in after, and wanted me to look out music for him. We went into the corner together and got out the folios, and though he was talking to father, I knew very well he was watching us. That's all," Clara concluded. She had been reading very rapidly, as if anxious to get to the end. "Now for yours!"

"Mine! oh, mine's no great thing," said Harry, opening his little black pocketbook, "fot-tings merely."

"Go on, please," cried Clara, stamping her foot, "and mind, don't alter a word or put in more. I shall know!"

"Christmas eve" (began Harry) "worked at Guardian article, took it round, saw proof of yesterday's. Chief wants me to go to Armenia about the atrocities. Shan't! To elph in afternoon—Clifton, McCosh, Moxon and several of the fellows there, who wanted me to stop. Told them I couldn't. Had to go out to old Linklater's to dinner—girls, music, bore—but I should look in later."

"Oh!" interjected Clara, with her head suddenly baughty, "a bore—was it?"

"You said a horrid nuisance!" remarked her husband, and continued his reading without troubling to defend himself further.

"I got there early—long way out of town—several false trails. At last found the place—a big house under trees. From the doorway I could see in the hall a girl standing on steps, putting up holly and green stuff. Presently old Linklater came and introduced me. 'This is Clara!' I became conscious of two great, dark, steady, grayish-hazel eyes. The dinner went all right after that. Pretty—well, I don't know: a fascinating and glamorous person certainly. There was also a sister."

"Nonsense!" said Clara. "You are making up as you go along. I know you."

Her husband silently handed her the book. Decidedly it was so written.

Clara did not apologize for her unbelief. She only remarked, "Oh, but you are a dear."

And, rubbing her cheek against his coat sleeve, she purred.

"Go on!" she said.

"Dinner quite informal," Harry continued. "Talked too much, but got led on somehow. Everything went well. Doctor fellow there, who put on a lot of friend-of-the-family side-sant in a corner and talked to the girl with the eyes."

"Ah, ha! You see—you were jealous already!" cried Clara, clapping her hands joyously.

"Nonsense!" said Harry Moore. "Of little Stonor? I think I see myself!"

"Read the next day—go on—go on! No, the day you came to Elton again!"

"Went to make my 'digestion' call. Took some flowers up to Elton, and talked to the old lady. Think I made a conquest. But the Lady of the Eyes did not show up. Waited an hour and a half, but don't think I wasted my time entirely. Dear old lady!"

"Harry, you are a cold-blooded wretch!"

"Very much the contrary, Mrs. Moore!"

"Now shall I read?" And without giving him time to answer, Clara opened the solid, brass boards and continued, "Dec. 28th: Went out all the afternoon with Miss Grierson. Down the lane—soup kitchen, girls' club, and went home with her to tea. When I got home I saw mother had a secret. You always knew by the satisfied way she has of looking mysterious. She would be disappointed if you didn't ask her at once. So I teased her to tell."

"Do you know whom I've been entertaining all afternoon?" she said, her shoulders shaking with repressed laughter. I understood well enough.

"Oh, the curate," I said, as carelessly as I could. "I saw him golog down the lane like a pair of compasses let loose."

"Do you think the curate would bring me those?" said mother, triumphantly. And she showed me a lovely bunch of roses, a wagon-load nearly, which she had set well back in the dusk of the piano, so that I should not see them before mother had her little triumph. My! they must have cost heaps of money this time of year. They are all mine, said mother, 'but if you are good you can have just one bud for yourself. You see what one gets by staying quietly at home!'

"She was teasing me, of course, this dear old sweet-hearted mother."

"You see what one gets for doing works of charity and mercy!" I said. "He would have given them to me if I'd been here. I'll never do a good action again!"

"Now turn on to 'Four Seas Cottage,' and read about that," cried Clara. Her eyes were not gray now, nor yet hazel. The dark pupils had swallowed up all the rest, overflowing everything with the soft blackness of a misty night of few stars.

"Let's see. Easter, wasn't it?" said her husband. "But why skip? Much water had flowed under bridges during these months of spring."

"Oh, I want to get to the end—the end!" Clara whispered, excitedly. "Quick, quick—I can't wait!"

"Well, here it is: 'April 8th. We went a walk along the beach, she and I. We talked. I told her that unless something was going to come of this, I must go away.'

"What," she said, "for altogether?" And I said "Yes." Then she walked a good while silent, and when I looked, I could see—"

"No, you didn't," said Clara. "I could never have been so silly!"

"Tear after big tear rolling slowly down her cheek," Harry continued, imperturbably. "I needed no more than that—who would?"

"You don't want me to go?" I cried.

"She shook her head, still weeping, and not caring now whether I saw or not."

"So I stayed."

They sat long silent that night in their own home, near each other, and happy Harry's heart was softened. He was in the mood for concessions.

"Dear," he said, "if you would like, Aunt Laetitia to come and stay with us a month—"

"Oh, bother Aunt Laetitia!" exclaimed Mrs. Henry Moore. "I only want you!"

And thus did Clara Murray-Linklater dony her father's house and cleave to her husband.

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GIVE HER ANOTHER.



Fondper—You say baby swallowed a spoon? Did it hurt her?

Mrs. Fondper—I'm afraid so; she hasn't been able to stir since!

What World Lost?

"It was the worst calamity that ever happened to me," sighed the pale, intellectual high browed young woman.

"I had written a modern society novel, complete to the last chapter, and a careless servant girl gathered the sheets of the manuscript from the floor, where the wind had blown them, and used them to start a fire in the grate."

"What a burning shame that was!" commented Miss Tarlan.

His Means.

"You are charged with vagrancy, prisoner at the bar."

"What's dat, judge?"

"Vagrancy? Why, you have no visible means of support."

"Huh! Heah's mah wife, judge; Mary, is you visible?"

A Woman's Privilege.

"What is the latest thing in wedding dresses?"

"Generally, it is the bride."

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quite remember what. But, at any rate, it was over. She could never forgive him—for saying that—yes, about dear Aunt Laetitia. Oh, yes, she remembered, "that he could never get her a single night to himself without some stalking old matriarch with a reticule coming in to spoil everything."

Clara would not have her family spoken against—not by a score of Henry Moores. She had been educated carefully in the Murray-Linklater cult, and no Vero do Vere could be prouder of her name.

Clara, in her bolted bedroom, was getting out her blotting book and pad to write to her poor wronged aunt. She was going to ask a refuge for the few remaining days of a blasted life. Yes, that was the adjective she was using, and (strange coincidence!) the villain below stairs was also using it, though perhaps in a more colloquial sense. He had just knocked over a whole pile of the neat notebooks in which he stored away his literary material, and was passing off his own clumsiness in invective against inanimate things. This was his man's way of biting his handkerchief.

But the strong arm of coincidence reached yet further.

Stumbling and grumbling, Harry gathered up the fruit of his travel experiences and began re-storing them in the little three-cornered shelves where he kept such things for reference. Work would not "go" to-night, somehow. One remained in his hand—a small pocket notebook with rounded corners, which served to carry about him for the shortest personal jottings. Usually it lay among his keys on the dressing table, and when he shaved he was in the habit of putting down a word or two—oh, a brief and bald as possible.

But this particular stubby volume happened to be his diary of two years ago, and he stood there with one hand mechanically pushing the notebooks into their places, while his eyes, entangled by what he read, transported him to the ragged carpet, the preternaturally furnished lodgings, the solitary walks, hands deep in pockets, overcoat collar up, cap pulled low—of the days when first—But stay, what was Clara doing?

She had got out her blotting book from under "The Songs of the North." The new mild—very hard on the temper of young wives are new mounds, as a class—had jammed it into the rack, bending the corners shamefully. And so, when at last Clara had released the folio, lo! a cascade of solidly built volumes in red, basil clattered to the ground. She had just time to spring back, for the volumes had solid brass locks, all opened with the same little gold key. She wore it about her neck, and no one in the

world, not even Harry, had ever been allowed to peep within. Indeed, since she was married she had not often done so herself. But now—now that the happiness of her life had foundered beneath her, she would go back—it might be all the pleasure (sob) that was left her—thus to live over a happy past. (A time.)

Watkins, the Moores' new maid, experienced some surprise (and not unnaturally) when, in the exercise of her vocation, she was carrying a copper jug of hot water to Mrs. Moore's dressing room before sounding the first gong, she observed her master and mistress approach each other from opposite ends of the corridor, both intently reading, like people on a stage—be in a small black book, she in one large, fat and red.

A still poorer opinion had Sarah Watkins of her new place when she saw the readers look up simultaneously, suddenly and guiltily close their books, turn on their several heels, and so exult.

"And them sez ne what they has only been married ten months!" she meditated. "Well—we'll see what's to come of this!"

The family dinner that night was distinguished by extreme correctness of demeanor, and an etiquette almost Spanish in its stateliness. They were nothing if not polite—that is, when Watkins was in the room. But Watkins knew, and stayed a moment on the mat, listening to the silence that dropped like a pall. She entered, smiling to herself, knowing (oh, experienced Watkins) that she would find Clara looking sideways at the pattern of the carpet as though she had never seen it before, while at his end of the table Harry was molding bread pellets as if for a wager. These things do not vary.

But even Watkins the wise did not know everything. Penny fiction does not inform its readers what real people do. So as soon as Clara had escaped out of the dining room, before he had time to open the door for her, Harry sulkily sat down and felt for his cigarette case. He was sure he had left it in the dressing room. Yet he would not go for it. He could hear Clara playing a noisy jig, the wriggle and stamp of which he particularly loathed.

"The little wretch," he said, laughing in spite of himself, "she knows quite well."

"Good evening, Mr. Moore," said his wife, and he rose and went. "Your cigarette case is in the smoking room."

But this time Harry had it all his own way. Six feet of blonde colossus made short work of more pliancies of the tongue. Clara found

A GIRL
STANDING ON
THE STEPS
PUTTING UP HOLLY
AND GREEN STUFF

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

H. Potter and daughter Fae spent Tuesday in Chicago.

Chas. Harbaugh and L. W. Rowling spent Wednesday in Chicago.

Mrs. A. E. Wentz is confined to her home with an attack of grippe.

Allendale boys moved into their new school last week.

Mrs. C. B. Dix narrowly escaped being run down by the fast train here last Tuesday.

John Leonard has accepted a position at the head office of the American Express company.

Carl Miller surprised his friends by quietly slipping away and bringing home a bride last week.

RUSSELL

The new home of Mr. Dexter is about complete.

Lester Murray bought a fine horse at Kelly Bros. sale.

Miss Barbara Chase is spending a few days at Milwaukee.

A number of Russell people attended the fair at Reserans on Friday night.

Mr. Robert Patch of Chicago visited at this place a few days during the week.

The ladies of the Mount Rest Society meet with Mrs. John Grady on Wednesday of this week.

Mrs. H. F. Siver, Mrs. E. P. Siver and Mrs. Aleck wore Milwaukee visitors on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Murrie spent Sunday with Mr. Alex. Murrie of Kenosha who is quite ill.

Combines Them All.
The woman who runs a home sacrifices no dignity; the woman who runs a home well combines all the professions of womanhood.

A German Proverb.
The boughs that bear most hang lowest.

BRISTOL

Harry Castle of Chicago, visited relatives and friends here the latter part of last week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Fern, nee Grace Ellis, a boy on December 6.

Mrs. Andrew Boernink is visiting her sister in Milwaukee this week.

Frank Gilbert left on Sunday for Rock Island being called there by the serious illness of his brother's wife.

Mrs. Cynthia Pringle who has been assisting in the care of her mother, Mrs. Richards, the past two or three weeks, returned to Mapleton, Iowa Sunday.

Mesdames Geo. Brown, C. Brown Geo. Bryant, A. DeVuyt and E. L. Stonebraker did Christmas shopping in Kenosha Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Larabee expect to become tenants on the Chas. Rice farm south of town, January 1. Mr. Larabee will act as foreman.

At a meeting of the Mystic Workers Tuesday evening, the following were elected: Wm. Foulke, Perfect; Mrs. F. A. Lavey, Mentor; Geo. Shumway, Marshal; A. H. Bottley, Sec'y; Edith Snyder, Banker; Gordon Snyder, Warden; W. A. Lewis, Sentinel.

Our Railroad Mileage.
We get our products to the consumer by 250,000 miles of railroad, which is three times the railroad mileage of Great Britain, France and Germany combined.

If Abe Martin Has No Objection.
Look Gillenwater says no man kin be religious when he's breakin' in a pair o' new shoes. More'n half o' the cocoanuts ain't wot they're cracked up to be.

Hanks On Sure Thing Now.
"I'll never be without Dr. King's New Life Pills again," writes A. Schlingbeck, 647 Elm St., Buffalo, N. Y. "They cured me of chronic constipation when all other failed." Unequaled for biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, headache, chills malaria and debility. 25c at J. H. Swans.

MILLBURN

A Christmas program and tree will be held at the church Christmas eve.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Russell and John spent Saturday in Chicago.

Mr. and Miss McGuire spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Hook of Grange Hall.

Messrs. A. W. Safford, A. K. Bain and A. E. Martin transacted business in Chicago the past week.

Mr. George Jamison and Arthur Van Alstine spent several days with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Garrity of Virgil, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Holmer invited several little friends of their grandson Alden Holmes as a surprise to help Alden celebrate his seventh birthday on Saturday.

Little Lois Stewart, daughter of Lyman Stewart while coughing ruptured a blood vessel in her head. A. H. Stewart left Sunday morning for Chicago.

Can't Wear Brown Shoes.

"Do you know that certain individuals cannot possibly wear brown shoes?" inquired the veteran shoe clerk.

"I have been in the business more than twenty years, and I can name several regular customers, who every season make a frantic but futile effort to wear brown shoes in precisely the same size, made over the same last and in the same quality of leather as the black ones they are discarding, and yet within a month the customers come back saying they had given away or sold for a song the brown shoes. It seems as if some feet are not constituted to endure the touch of the brown leather."

Making of a Man.

A tired mother who had been occupied all day with an active and very troublesome boy, as she sat down in the evening and thought of the numberless details in which her strength had gone, said: "After all, it is a day toward the making of a man."

Ends Winter's Troubles.

To many, winter is a season of trouble. The frost bitten toes and fingers, chapped hands and lips, chilblains, cold sores, red and rough skins, prove this. But such troubles fly before Bucklen's Arnica Salve. A trial convinces. Greatest healer of burns, boils, piles, cuts, sores, eczema and sprains. Only 25c. at J. H. Swans.

DRINK PLENTY OF WATER

It Flushes the System, Carrying Out Impurities and Leaving What Is Beneficial.

To say that drinking at least three quarts of water a day would make a beautiful would be grossly exaggerated, but it is perfectly true that an amount of fluid, taken judiciously every day, will be a wonderful aid in acquiring or increasing good looks, and it is such a cheap way of improving one's appearance that to ignore it is a pity.

Water, properly taken, flushes the system as a fine is cleaned by putting down it a large quantity of pure cleansing liquid at once. And, as with the "fine," impurities are carried out, leaving only that which is beneficial.

In order that the good effect shall be gained, two facts are important: One is that the liquid shall not be taken with meals, and the other that it shall not be of icy temperatures. In the former case it dilutes the gastric juices, sometimes causing indigestion, and certainly neutralizing some of the nourishing properties of food; in the latter it stays digestion, and may do the cause of severe pain.

Many dietitians now agree that water should not be taken with meals, and that many cases of indigestion may be traced directly to the fact that this theory is unheeded. To derive benefit a glassful should be taken at a time, sipping it slowly and not gulping in large quantities. Ten minutes for each glass is none too long. The temperature may be cool, but not sufficiently so to chill the stomach.

The first drink is not to be taken sooner than half an hour after a meal, and water is not to be put into the stomach later than half an hour before a meal.

TRIALS OF THE BANK CLERK

Through Them All He Sticks to Post, Preserves Self Respect and Respect of Others.

One occasionally hears of a defalcation on the part of a clerk in a bank, trust company or other financial institution; but, considering the number of men so employed, the proportion that fall of absolute honesty is small indeed. The young man who is always neat, always courteous, always at his desk to enter your credits or point out your errors seldom forgets that he is dealing with the property of other people; yet as bad influences, as bad environment, as bad examples as are brought to bear upon him from any source frequently emanate right in banking circles, possibly within the very institution which he serves faithfully for a very small salary.

Unfairness in administration is perhaps before him every day; handling of securities and money by the heads of institutions in ways that would be thought improper (not to say dishonest) if employed by the bookkeeper or check clerk is often done with his knowledge and with the knowledge of his fellow clerks; yet he sticks to his post and seldom fails to preserve his self respect and deserve the respect of others.—L. F. Ferris in Leslie's.

What Would Happen?

Uncle Ezra says: "I dunno what would happen to the avridge man of he once got his work all done up."

Want To Help Some One.

For thirty years J. F. Boyer, of Ferris, Mo., needed help and couldn't find it. That's why he wants to help some one now. Suffering so long himself he feels for distress from backache, nervousness, loss of appetite, lassitude and kidney disorders. He shows that electric bitters work wonders for such troubles. "Five bottles," he writes, "wholly cured me and now I am well and hearty." It's also positively guaranteed for liver trouble, dyspepsia, blood disorders, female complaints and Malaria, try them. 50c. at J. H. Swans.

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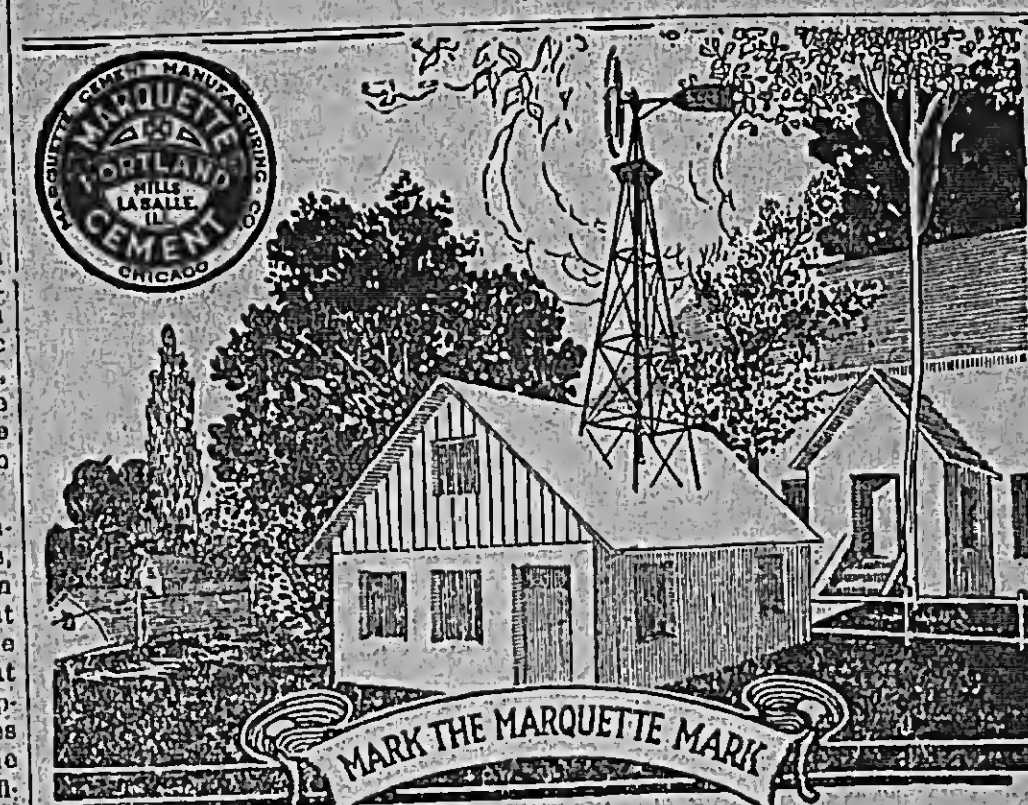
A Pertinent Question.
"Papa," queried small Lola, who was watching the sun rise, "where does the dark go when daylight comes?"

Her One Condition.
He—Would you be satisfied to give up your present beautiful home and live in a little white cottage?

She—I might, if there was a little, red automobile hitched in front of the door.—Montreal Star.

Sure to Be Rescued.
Young woman missing from home is described as one of the best cooks in Harlem. There should be no trouble organizing searching parties to go in quest of a young woman with that record.—New York Herald.

Earth is a Magnet.
The earth is a great magnet, having a North Pole situated in the region of Hudson's Bay, British North America, and two South Poles within the Antarctic circle.



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Next Excursion December 20, 1910

Excursion 1st and 3rd Tuesday of each month

PAYNE INVESTMENT CO., Omaha, Neb.

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Illinois

Anthony Riggs' Time

by
Clarissa Mackie

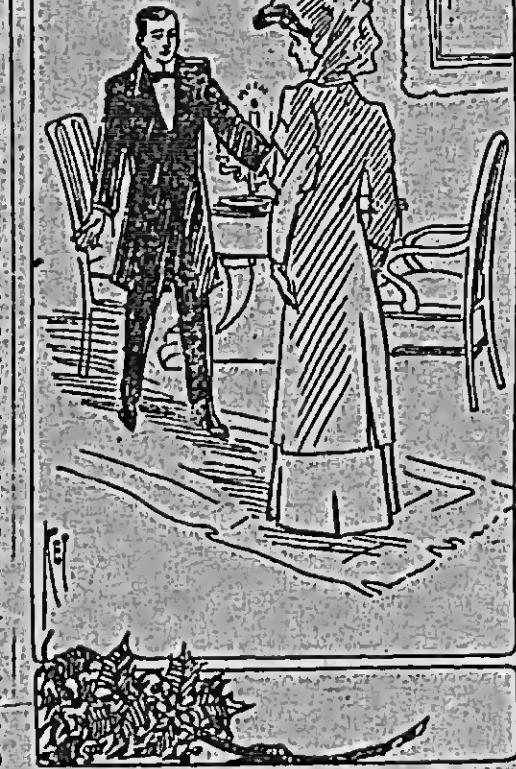
Christmas comes but once a year—when it goes I'm glad of it! Missed Mr. Anthony Riggs, looking at the toe of his slipper. Anthony Riggs lived all alone in his house, there was no one to his unpleasant remarks, nature in the kitchen, he one clattered noisily about her. Everywhere else in the house was very quiet. And there is no like that of a great house, which has once known the joyfulness of a large and happy family. Years ago Anthony had had a love, but it ended most unhappily. The girl had married another man. Anthony Riggs had been left to elop into a morose old bachelor—not so very old at that. Christmas comes but once a year—I'll try to get as far away from as I can," mused Mr. Riggs to more, as he kicked off his slippers and reached for his shoes. When he was buttoned tightly into his fur-lined ulster and his seal skin cap was tied down over his ears there was a thing to be seen save a pair of bright brown eyes and an aristocratic nose. Once in the snowy streets Anthony Riggs found himself nearer to Christmas than he had been before. The shops were overflowing with holly wreaths and branches of mistletoe, toys and games and candy and nuts, beautiful gifts were displayed in the windows and many happy, expectant faces were pressed against the plate glass panes. "Please, sir," said a small voice at Anthony's elbow, "can't you give me job carrying your bundles?" "What bundles?" frowned Anthony. "Your Christmas presents—what you're going to buy, sir," said the little boy, respectfully. "I'm not going to buy any presents," replied Anthony quite fiercely. "Here's something for you—go and buy your own gifts and don't bother me!" He thrust a dollar bill into the eager little fingers and strode on, unmindful of the curious glances of those who had overheard his conversation with the little lad. A glittering window full of jewels threw a flash of light on his memory. It was in that same shop he had once purchased a ring for Mary Wood. The ring had been returned to him and he had flung it into the farthest corner of his desk. It was there now. He turned away and sauntered on. In front of his own church, friendly hands drew him into the brightly lighted basement of the edifice where the annual Christmas bazaar was in progress. There was a merry throng of men, women and children moving to and fro among the booths devoted to the sale of fancy articles, toys and candy. Supper tables occupied one end of the room and in an obscure corner a fortune teller's tent was made of gay shawls. In the middle of the room stood a gigantic Christmas tree, loaded with gifts wrapped in tissue paper. "Ten cents will entitle you to a gift from the tree," explained his guide. "I don't like presents," said Anthony grimly. Deacon Smithers smiled quizzically. "Very well, suit yourself, Anthony! There is the fortune teller—perhaps she will predict a happy future for you! There is the supper table, that will insure you a good meal—and the booths—pay your money and take your choice!" He moved away and left Anthony Riggs standing pale and cold in the midst of the happy crowd. Perhaps it was because he did not know what else to do that Anthony awaited his turn at the fortune teller's tent, and once within its dim recesses he felt foolishly aware that the future held nothing for him that he did not know. The glow of the dark head was concealed in the folds of a lace mantilla; from the flowing sleeves of her red velvet bodice, two slim brown arms and hands flashed out and caught his large hand. The lace-draped head bent over his palm. "You have had much sorrow," said the gipsy in a low musical voice, "but much of it has been your own making! Do the things I shall tell you and you will live to be very happy and see your dearest wish gratified!" Anthony smiled sardonically. "And the three things I shall do?" he asked. "The day after tomorrow is Christmas day. Tomorrow night you must make three persons happy. Find three persons who are poor and needy and sorrowful and take them to your home and provide them with a bountiful dinner; have gifts for them and when they have gone away blessing you—then, you may receive a gift yourself."

"What will it be? I don't want a gift—I haven't kept Christmas for years," protested Anthony, as he placed some money on the table. "Time you did, then! Don't forget—

or you will lose your last chance of being happy. And stay—" A slim hand arrested his going. "Yes!" Anthony's voice was very cold. "Be sure to have that ring in readiness—you may need it!" And the next instant Anthony found himself elbowed out of the tent by impatient waiters at the door, and without another glance about the decorated room he left the church and went home, much perturbed. Of course, Anthony Riggs knew that the fortune teller could be none other than some member of his church who was familiar with more or less of the detail of his life and habits. He was surprised at his own lack of indignation because his private affairs had been discussed by a stranger—indeed, he almost felt a glow of gratification that he was still numbered among those to whom something wonderful might happen. "I'll try it, anyway," said Anthony that night as he blew out his candle. "It can do no harm."

It is a simple matter to make poor people happy. Anthony Riggs found it so. The day before Christmas was marked by a series of galvanic shocks for the servant maid in the basement of Anthony's fine house. Before night the parlors were filled with delicious viands and the smell of spices and mince-pie pervaded the house. Anthony's three persons became six, for it was so easy to add another one and still another to the little company he had invited. They were old men and women and they enjoyed the feast of good things with a pleasure that made Anthony's heart ache as it had never ached since the day when Mary Wood had sent back his ring. At last he sent them home in carriages laden with the remains of the dinner and with many gifts that would add comfort to declining years. The best gift of all was that Anthony Riggs had promised not to forget them—he would be their benefactor till they had passed into the hands of the great benefactor.

When he was alone in the brightly lighted parlor, with the blaze of the chandelier falling on the silver threads in his black hair, Anthony thought



"And You—You Meant What You Promised?—That Happiness Would Come to Me?"

of the bitter years he had wasted—years in which he might have made many persons happy. The reward of good deeds was warm in his heart this night and he forgot that there was not one to offer him a gift with loving words. He had received the greatest of all gifts—the love and gratitude of his fellow men. The door softly opened and a woman, an old, small, slender woman with dusky hair and dark eyes shining like stars. Anthony Riggs did not look up. He had forgotten that the fortune teller had promised him a gift that night. On his little finger was a small ring set with a single pearl. "Anthony!" The visitor's voice was low and musical. "Mary Wood," said Anthony hoarsely, and then with a glance at the black lace draped about her head, he added:

"You were the fortune teller last night?" "Yes."

"And you—you meant what you promised?—that happiness would come to me?" "It has come, Anthony," she faltered drawing near to him. "We were so mistaken—you and I—and the years have been long. I am free now—they said you needed me, and that night when I saw your bitter face I knew you needed the influence of a greater love than mine before we met."

Anthony Riggs took his sweetheart into his arms. "I have found the greater love, Mary, and its root is pity. My love for you will be better and worthier because of my love for the poor and needy. And tomorrow—tomorrow you will marry me and become my Christmas gift in truth!" "Yes," said Mary Wood.

And so Anthony Riggs slipped the little pearl ring on her finger.

(Copyright, 1910.)

A Way Out of It.

Anna was making Christmas presents. "Oh, dear, this doesn't look nice," said she. Little Helen, looking on, remarked in a sympathizing tone: "Oh, well, auntie, you can give it to some one who is near-sighted."

Christmas for Two

by
Clarissa Mackie

The crowded east-bound train disgorged two passengers at the little red station and then thundered on its busy way.

A long stage, rusty and ramshackle, backed up to the platform and the driver's lusty "All aboard!" brought the girl and the young man hurrying into its dismal depths.

"I s'pose you're for Ferguson's place," remarked the driver as he turned the horses skillfully in the narrow space. "Yes," said the man rather gruffly. "I thought there would be a carriage to meet us."

"So there has—so there has! Been prancin' around her for two or three hours, but I guess they got disgusted, anyways, they left word for me to stay here till the train came in and if any one was bound for their place to bring 'em along. The train's four hours late as it is, and I don't suppose them servants want to be kept away from their Christmas dinner."

"How long will it take us?" asked the girl.

"A matter of an hour or so," was the unconcerned reply. The girl stifled an exclamation of annoyance and she drew still farther away from the vicinity of the morose young man. The latter turned up the astrakhan collar of his overcoat and dropped his chin into its depths.

They had started forth that morning so joyfully—Polly Standish and Derrick Gordon—newly engaged and blissfully happy. Things had gone wrong from the very beginning. Polly's aunt, who was to accompany them, the short stay at Ferguson's hospitable country house, had failed to put in an appearance, and consequently had been left behind. That was vexatious. Then the train had been delayed by snow drifts and during the four hours' wait in the cold train Polly and Derrick had quarreled.

"Nice Christmas day," volunteered the stage driver in a queer, cracked voice, as they squeaked over the hard-packed snow.

"Very!" returned Derrick, sarcastically. There was a long silence as the strong white horses plodded up the steep incline of the mountain. Here the snowfall had been light and only served to dust the dark green pines and hemlocks with a white powder.

They had reached the top of a steep incline and were rolling evenly over a level stretch when suddenly, without an instant's warning, the stage crashed down and precipitated the passengers and luggage in an ignominious heap under the driver's seat.

"Are you hurt?" asked Derrick coldly, as he assisted Polly to her feet. "No, thank you," she said stiffly, as she peered out from the curtained window.

The driver was soothing the frightened horses and his nut-cracker face was knotted anxiously. "Loet a wheel, by gorry!" he said, ruefully. "Smashed it to flinders!"

Derrick had crawled out and stood beside him. "This is the dickens of a mess—how are we to get to Ferguson's place? Are we near a telephone—or where are we anyway?"

Luke Sanders scratched his ear thoughtfully. "I took a short road across—'tain't the usual route to Ferguson's and we ain't near nobody! Ten miles from anywhere. The only thing to do is for me to ride one of the horses into the village and send back another wagon. You and the young lady better get out and move about a bit and keep warm. You might build a fire—there's plenty of fuel." He was unharmed except the horses as he spoke.

"Why can't we all ride—or better still, Miss Standish can ride one of them and I will walk beside her. We will get there much quicker and can keep warm and have something to eat. We're almost starved." Derrick glanced quickly at the stage where Polly's pale face was framed in the darkened opening.

"Can't nobody ride Bob-white. A jumpin' kangaroo ain't nothin' to that horse if anybody gets on his back! Just you stay here and make yourselves comfortable and warm and I'll be back in the course of an hour or so." He loitered the ridiculous Bob-white to a tree by the roadside. Then from the space under his seat in the stage he drew forth a basket covered with a white cloth.

"This here basket has got a Christmas dinner inside—my wife fixed it up for old Miss Benton down to the ford but I can stop and get another basketful for the old lady. You two are welcome to it." He clambered on the waiting horse and smiled as his horny hand closed around the generous banknote that Derrick slipped from his pocket.

"Merry Christmas to you and your wife, sir," he called back over his shoulder before he disappeared around a turn in the road.

Derrick did not dare to look at Polly

Standish; he knew she was sitting proud and defiant with a contemptuous curl on her red lip. Instead, he stared away through the aisles of trees, made into golden paths by the later afternoon sun.

It was too bad that Christmas should have turned out so disastrously for them both. There was to be a jolly party at the Fergusons and in the evening a Christmas dance. Perhaps Ralph Ferguson would send forth another conveyance for them—but it would go by that other road. They were marooned on the short cut.

A glimpse of Polly's woeful face brought a revulsion of feeling. Poor little Polly was cold and tired and he was acting like a brute.

Without a word Derrick approached a small clearing in the middle of which grew a young pine tree.

It was the work of minutes to gather an armful of wood and broken branches and to clear a space of snow. Presently a bright fire crackled cheerily and then Derrick brought cushions and blankets from the stage and prepared a place for Polly.

"Come, Miss Standish," he said politely. "If you will draw near the fire we will have some dinner."

"I'm not hungry," said Polly, holding her hands to the blaze. "At least you will sit down and wrap this blanket around you—so," insisted Derrick.

"Thank you," said Polly without enthusiasm.

From the blanket Derrick produced a large plate loaded with a generous Christmas dinner. There were turkey and cranberry sauce, stuffing and mashed potatoes and gravy, turnips and celery, and a whole mince pie.

Derrick managed to convey half of the dinner more or less daintily to the plate and this he placed before Polly. "Eat," he said sternly. "You will need the nourishment before we reach Ferguson's."

"I am not a child," said Polly resentfully.

Derrick did not reply. He fell to his own dinner with a vigorous appetite and it was not until he turned to give



"This is Our Christmas Tree, Polly dear," said Derrick, in a low tone.

Polly some mince pie that he discovered that the weary girl had eaten a little of the dinner and then fallen asleep in her nest of blankets.

For a long time he watched the changing lights on her sweet face as the branches tossed in the wind; then, softly he arose and approached the little pine tree standing in the middle of the clearing.

The cones were silvered with snow and it looked like a Christmas tree decorated for a festival.

Derrick opened his suit case and brought out sundry white packages. These he tied to the tree with colored cord. Gay toys for the Ferguson children were added until the little tree stood forth bravely in its fine attire.

"Polly!" he called softly. "Polly!" Polly sat up with startled eyes seeking his face. For the instant she had forgotten their misunderstanding, but suddenly their light clouded.

"Come here, Polly, and see our Christmas tree," urged Derrick. Reluctantly she came, a rose flush staining her pale cheeks. But yet her red lips were obstinately set in a straight line.

"This is our Christmas tree, Polly dear," said Derrick in a low tone. "You're and mine! Shall we be happy and enjoy not only this one, but many, many others after, please God? Say, dear."

"Oh, Derrick, how wicked of us to quarrel when we should be happy! I am so sorry!" sobbed Polly in Derrick's coat sleeve.

"And so am I—and now I'm glad," said Derrick after a time. "Now, let's enjoy our own particular tree before anyone comes! I shall be Santa Claus—and you may be Mrs. Santa Claus!"

"I have things in my bag, too," blushed Polly as she hastened away.

An hour afterward Ralph Ferguson brought a sleighload of merry-makers in search of them. Together they sat demurely on a log before a dylog fire. Near by stood a little pine tree, powdered with snow, and dripping with hanging cones.

"You're just in time for the biggest Christmas tree you ever saw," said Ralph as he gathered up the lines and clucked to the horses.

"We've had our Christmas tree," said Derrick mysteriously, while Polly smiled back at him out of happy eyes.

A Christmas Angel

by
Donald Allen

A pretty young girl, well wrapped up against the cold night, and a half-grown boy, carrying a large basket, were crossing the street when an automobile swung suddenly around the corner. To save themselves, the girl and the boy had to make a sudden retreat, and in so doing they dropped the basket and it was crushed under the wheels.

There were four young men in the automobile. They were singing and laughing and enjoying the license of Christmas eve. They jeered at the boy for dropping the basket, and they raised their hats in mock courtesy to the girl.

"Miss, I didn't go for to do it!" apologized the boy, who had been hired as a messenger, and who had been told that the basket contained food for poor families in the tenement beyond.

"I know—I know," replied the girl. "It wasn't your fault, but I'm so sorry. The sick woman and her children won't have the food and toys now, but I have a little change in my purse and I can still do something. You needn't go any farther; it is just across the street. Good-night to you."

"Missy," said the boy as she was about to move away, "you gave me a dime to carry the basket. Here it is. Give it to some kid up there who wants a mouth-organ. Oh, you must take it, and if you say so I'll wait here till them fellows come back and hit 'em with a rock."

"But how about your Christmas, Jimmy?" the girl asked.

"Oh, I can skimpish around, same as I always do. Night to you, and I hope that sick woman will get better."

The girl crossed the street and entered the hallway of the tenement and climbed to the third floor. Three children were waiting for her on the landing, and uttered glad shouts at sight of her. She had been there before and had promised them that she would come on Christmas eve. Within the poverty-stricken rooms called home a sick woman was lying on a bed. She smiled and was glad at sight of the girl.

She told them the incident of the auto and the loss of the basket, and then she counted over her scanty change and went downstairs to the nearest grocery. It was little she could buy. There would be Christmas eating, but no feast. The little stockings with their holes would be hung, but there would be no Santa Claus to fill them. The children stood with their faces to the wall and wept, and the girl held the hand of the sick woman and shed tears.

As they sat thus the door opened and let in the cold air from the hall. An old man stood outside. He was ragged and unkempt, and hunger had given him the face of a wolf. There was not a soft line in it. Peering out of his own door on the same floor, he had seen the girl come bearing packages. There was bread on the table before him.

The children cried out as they saw the look on the old man's face, and the girl rose up and barred his way. "I won't bread and I'll have it!" he exclaimed fiercely.

"But you can't take it from this sick woman and these helpless children."

"I tell you I'm hungry—I want bread! Why didn't you come to me first? I am old; there is no work for me, but I will not die like a dog. Stand aside! You will not? Then—"

He seized her by the arms and there was a struggle. The children were shouting for help, and the man-whirlwind about and thrust him out into the hall, shutting the door on his oaths and snarls. The children ceased their cries and the girl looked up to see a young man standing in the center of the room, gazing around him.

"It is your fault!" she half-sobbed. "You were in the auto that almost ran me down. You laughed in my face as you raised your hat. But for you there would have been plenty of food and some presents here."

"Yes, I was one of them," the man answered. "It is Christmas eve, and we were out for a lark. Yes, I looked straight into your eyes, and in five minutes I was ashamed of myself. I came back and hunted until I found the boy. When he told me that you were a Christmas angel, and that he had given his last dime to help out, I was still more ashamed of myself and of my friends. Can you forgive me?"

"Yes, it is Christmas eve," she said in a voice hardly above a whisper, as she seemed to listen to the merry shouts from the street. "There are tens of thousands of persons on the streets in merry mood, but what have we here? What have we in every room in this old rookery? Were you thinking of it when you crushed the basket I was bringing?—when you smiled in to my face?"

"I was a brute," he answered. "I was bringing my little mite," she

continued in a deprecatory way. "I have a widowed mother to support, and I could not spare much. I was weeks anying up to buy what was in that basket. You are rich, perhaps. It would have been nothing to you." The children stood hushed and awed, and the sick woman closed her eyes and wondered at it all. The young man and the girl looked straight into each other's eyes as they talked, and her words seemed to cut him like the lash of a whip. When there had been silence for a minute, and the old man-whirl was heard snarling as he paced the hall, the young man said:

"I am ashamed and sorry. Let that answer for the moment. Will you come with me?"

And without the slightest fear in her mind, and with a smile at the mother and her children, she arose. Intuition told her what was in the stranger's thoughts. He carried the bread and butter out into the hall and placed them in the hands of the fierce-faced old man. He fell to devouring them as if he had, indeed, been a wolf of the forest, and when another tenant came out and asked for crumbs he was frightened away by snarls and growls.

"Now come," said the young man. Up one street and down another for an hour, they went. Wines and jellies and fruits, they bought for the woman whose ailment was starvation more than disease—food to last for days and days. They selected, next, gifts and new stockings to receive them—what-ever money could buy and the two could bundle into their arms, they picked up. And all the time, though neither one knew the name of the other, they talked and laughed and were like children in their delight.

The return to the tenement was like the arrival of a lord and his lady. There was something for other children, too, and a policeman, pausing in



"I Have a Widowed Mother to Support, and I Could Not Spare Much."

the lower hall, heard such shouts of pleasure and so much childish laughter that he glanced up the dimly-lighted stairs and said to himself:

"Old Santa must have changed his route this year and come among the poor."

And at a late hour, when the Christmas angel and her guardian walked downstairs together and she was put into a cab for home, they still talked and still laughed, nor did they know that they would ever meet again. She had lashed him for his heartlessness. She was hoping that he would see that she had forgiven him. He had been almost brutal. He was hoping that she had seen his better side. No cards—no names.

"Good-night," they said at parting; and when he raised his hat she knew that it was in courtesy instead of irony.

Days later, when the girl visited the old tenement again, the sick woman and her children had vanished, but had left word behind for her. The man-whirl was still there, but instead of growling and showing his teeth, he smiled at her. In another place, with light and air and food and comforts in abundance, the girl found the mother and her little ones. It was a glad surprise, and to the look of inquiry the widow, no longer in bed, whispered:

"He did it! He did it all!"

One evening, when long weeks had passed, the young man was waiting at the home of the girl when she came from her place of daily employment.

"I have been talking with the mother," he said, quietly. "She says I may call. What does the Christmas Angel say?"

(Copyright, 1910.)

A Simple Gift.

When one wishes to send little more than a remembrance at Christmas yet does not care to use cards, a novelty that can be made by the girl who paints is a match scratcher in the form of a card.

Have an oblong background of colored cardboard, and on it paint a quaint figure out from some emery paper in soft tones of brown, heightened by gay touches in the costume. It is then cut out and pasted on the back, which may be left plain, painted with scenery to correspond.

Sometimes these scratchers are done in entirely monochrom done with huge muffs, no color! or Greuze figures. The scratchers can be colors.

FRIEDMAN'S ROUSING CHRISTMAS SALE

CONTINUES UNTIL CHRISTMAS DAY

Every department complete and in readiness, the Christmas spirit reigns throughout the entire store. All goods are conveniently displayed for easy selection of Christmas gifts, suggesting scores of ideas of what to give

Do your Holiday Shopping now and avoid the rush of the last few days before Christmas

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SALE

Xmas Gloves

A Useful Gift that Everybody Appreciates

Ladies' \$1.50 guaranteed kid gloves in all colors and sizes	98c
Best quality dogskin, also undressed kid gloves at only	1.39
Ladies and missess' dressy gauntlet gloves at only	1.45
Long white \$1.00 kid gloves, very special	2.95
Ladies' \$1.25 kid mittens, fur tops	75c
Children's bearskin Mittens	52c
Ladies' and children's 50c golf gloves	25c
Children's 19c mittens	8c

Holiday Specials

\$1.00 hand bags	49c	25c neckwear	8c
\$1 child's hat for	19c	10c handkerchiefs for	5c
\$2 Persian mull muffler at	95c	\$1.00 Child's sweaters at	39c
25c corset covers	9c	Hair nets, 8 for	25c
\$2.50 hair switches	1.00	50c hair rolls	19c
Child's 50c bonnets	19c	Fancy tea aprons	25c
Fancy Umbrellas for Xmasgift, \$1 to 10.00		\$1.50 Ladies' Panama Skirt for	1.95

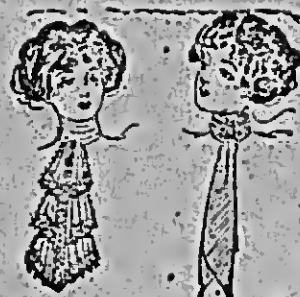
Beautiful Neckwear

In an an enples number of styles, prettily boxed for gift piving

Handsome collars, Jabots and combination Neckwear, Persian Effect, many others 75c

Regular \$1.50 Fancy Neckwear special for only

50c



A huge variety of over 50 styles of Neckwear for only

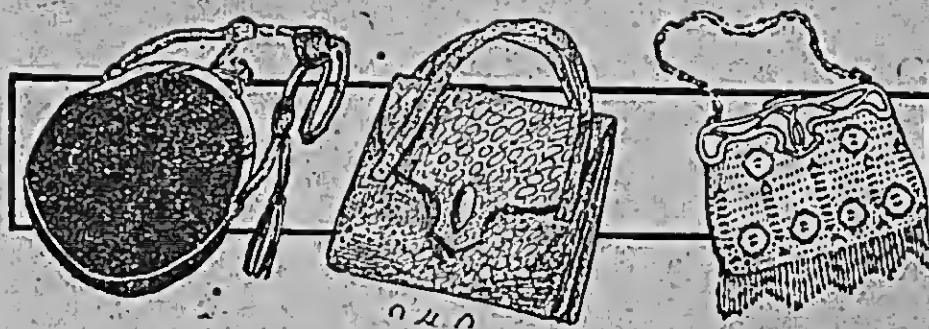
15c

Hand Bags Are Very Useful Gift

Genuine leather hand Bags 95c Worth \$2.00, for 1.50

Handsome Mounted leather bags, worth \$2.50 3.95

Beautiful Snude, Alligator, seal and Walrus Bags, fitted with accessories, from \$15.00 down to 3.95



Xmas Waists

Our Waists will Surely Please Her

Over 1000 pretty new model tailored and lingerie waists, \$2.00 values at 98c
Silk embroidered nun's veiling and wooten waists made to sell for 3.00 1.95
Handsome silk and mercerized linen waists \$4 value 2.95
High grade messaline and taffeta silk, also net waists, \$5 values 3.95
About 50 magnificer novelty waists in silk and other materials, worth \$10 4.95
Party waists and messaline, silk or Irish lace, prices range from

7.00 to 25.00

Holiday Specials

50c Leather belts	9c	75c corset for	35c
1.25 kid gloves	79c	50c stocking caps	12c
19c hose for	6c	Women's union suits	39c
\$6 silk petticoats	2.88	Complexion veiling, yd.	5c
Children's Mittens	8c	at	
\$1.50 flannellette kimonos for	79c	3.95 bath robes	2.25
35c aprons for	12c	Flannellette petticoats	19c
2.50 ostrich plumes	89c	1.50 houses dress	89c
		50c wool shawls	19c

Holiday Sale of Suits

A full rack of some of our best \$25 suits, choice

8.50

Fine broadcloth, serge and novelty mixture suits, \$35 values

11.95

Another rack of extra high class imported suits, worth up to \$40

14.50

At this price you have the choice of some of the best suits in the house, worth \$50

19.95

Clearing Sale of Millinery

Just 150 trimmed hats, not one was made to sell for less than \$0, some worth \$10; as special Holiday offerings, all go without reserve for

1.95



Furs

A SENSIBLE GIFT
Direct From Our Own Fur Factory
at Wholesale Prices

Russo lynx fur sets, large shawl collars and muffs 15.00 value

6.95

Fur sets of the much wanted seal, 25.00 sets

12.50

Magnificent wolf and fox sets, worth 40.00 set at

25.00

Japanese mink and genuine black lynx, worth to 70.00

39.75

Beautiful mink sets large cape collar and pillow muffs at

55.00



Furs

Black or brown French Coney fur sets worth 4.00

1.59

Australian Lynx Shawl Collars with head and tails

3.95

Mink, Squirrel, Marten and Fox Neckpieces, worth 20.00

9.95

Children's Fur Sets, best quality 3.50, 1.50

98c

Skinner satin lined sabeline Fur coats best quality

13.50

Genuine Pony Skin coats latest models

32.50

Holiday Sale of Coats

Ladies' full length barneul coats, like picture. These are full lined \$20 coats at

8.45

Full length lined throughout with Belding's guaranteed gold satin

16.45

Best quality seal Plush Pony, Caracul and Novelty Cloth coats, worth double, for

25.00

The balance of our fine 25.00 Ladies' Cloth Coats all materials

10.00



Children's Coats and Dresses

Cloth and Bearskin Coats, in colors, \$5 values 1.52

Many pretty serviceable coats, all colors, worth to \$7.50 3.50

Dresses in all materials and styles colors and sizes, 2.95, \$1.50, and 98c

**FRIEDMAN'S
CLOAK & SUIT CO.
WAUKEGAN**

SEE Our Large Four Page Circular for Complete List of Christmas Bargains.

105-107 GENESEE ST.
WAUKEGAN

Goods Purchased will be Packed in an Exceedingly Neat Holly Box

FREE

Christmas Day

To rule and reign with gentle sway,
The King of Love was born today.
No palace walls enclosed him round,
But in a manger was he found;
That so the boastful world might see
The greatness of humility.
He came, a child, in lovely guise,
That so a child might seek his face;
So poor was he, the humblest born,
Might come, without a fear of scorn.
To all mankind he showed the way,
And ushered in the dawn of day.
And so, with grateful love and praise,
We hail this blessed day of days.
The children's joy, the poor man's feast,
The star of hope to great and least;
When holy angels come to earth,
And sing anew a Savior's birth!

strength of Hercules, the heroism of Joan of Arc, the truthfulness and other singular excellencies of Una, the patience of Job. Think what it must mean, from eight to six, or eight to ten, as the case may be, to face and serve the rattled throngs that are now surging through the shops, think of the strain on endurance and nerve, on temper and manners. The wonder is not that she often comes up to the demands on her, but that she ever does.

Some of the veterans, survivors of many hard-fought Christmas battlefields, are marvels; may be seen at the end of day still alert, though drooping so; still clear-headed, though with conscious effort; still with courteous attitude in their serving, though those they serve have lost the last shred of any politeness with which they may have started out.

Compare the manners of some spotted darlings, some indulged, arrogant child of wealth, with the dignity and patience and sweetness often shown by the girl behind the counter. The one self-centered, of most restricted vision, capricious, petty; the other self-effacing, far-seeing, charitable, big. Caleb in search of a wife might well pursue his quest along the aisles of the big stores, and womanly ideal standing there behind the counter.

They are not all caricatures of fashion, with hair tortured into latest exaggeration, frocks cheap copies of showy splendors; not all more given to powder and rouge than to soap and water. And in the attainment of the so highly-desirable neatness and trimness heroism again has to come to the fore. It is no easy matter after long hours of labor to labor more, take pains for personal cleanliness, sew and darn when eyes are heavy, back is aching. Heroism every one of them that make a good show.

I know a girl in a fashionable candy shop that every other night washes and trims that she may be presentable the next day. Her moderate wage is the chief part of the family support, there is not enough money for enough houses to last the week, and so the midnight laundrying is done as a matter of course. But how pretty and sweet and fresh the girl does manage to look in her snowy white and well brushed black; much better dressed, she seems to me, than the woman of fuss and feathers.

What little mothers they are, a lot of them, simple affectionate, domestic creatures—though so often characterized as vain, shallow, foolishly ambitious, thinking only of dress and "dates." I know one girl that worked in one of the department stores which keep open evenings at Christmas time, who the night before Christmas did not leave the store until midnight, then after traveling an hour on the street cars to her home stayed up hours to trim a wonderful Christmas tree for the children of the family, the

A REAL SANTA CLAU



bunch of little ones the poor seem always to have with them. I know another girl that at this season goes down unusually early mornings to arrange "stock," comes home unusually late evenings; but after dinner cheerfully does kitchen apron and helps with giant plum pudding and other Christmas preparation that yearly is repeated in honor of old England and the home left behind when there was made search for fortune in the rich land of America. These are just two instances, the one quite commonplace, unheroic, but you may pick up a few for yourself by eavesdropping a bit in your shopping; observing among the buyers the many shop-girls purchasing toys and silver "pusher," children's gloves and sweaters, or gray dress for mammy, muffer for daddy.

Of course there is any number of pert, incompetent girls that wait on hapless customers, rather keep hapless customers waiting, but they have

been pictured with enough frequency, this sort repeatedly held up as typical, thereby obscuring the virtues of the many worthy ones following the profession of "waiting on." For some time past I have been gathering data, making experiment; and have found it the rule rather than exception that courtesy meets with courtesy. "Soft and fair go far in a day," not only on highway but in the miles of space in a huge department store.

A man said to me recently: "How little of church is brought into the Christmas of today." And how sadly true this is—"church" in this connection standing for whatever things are lovely, whatsoever things are good, of full import to all religions. And bullying and bullying a shop-girl at this season seems about as far from "lovely and good" as one may wander. Put yourself in her place, remembering previous failures of your own when bodily weariness snapped

strained nerves, broke down poise. Ye gods and little fishes, in what condition is the shop-girl to "enjoy" Christmas! I am sure if I were she all I would ask of good Saint Nicholas would be a dark, airy room far, far away from people (from man, and especially woman); a great, soft bed where I could stretch out long and wide; silence and sleep forever and



Sew and Darn When Eyes Are Heavy.

forever. No dreams to disturb that sleep; no vision of past haggling, no vision of wearisome "exchanges" to come.

But the reality is a long way from this that I would ask. Do you suppose such a proud wage earner as she would be content to let Christmas day go by without displaying wealth and power? No, every dependent to the household must partake of her bounty, every pensioner be given good proof of what it means to have her dress up and go down town every day. Nothing of neglect is the shop-girl at Christmas, she is as much a Lady Bountiful as any millionairess of them all.

What a creature! A "Hercules," a Joan of Arc, a Una, a Job," and a Lady Bountiful on eight dollars and less a week!

(Copyright, 1910.)

CHRISTMAS TIME.

I have often thought of Christmas time, when it has come round, apart from the vacation due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time, a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time.—Charles Dickens

"God With Us"

By A. D. WATSON

The world had long been waiting
The coming of the King,
When one sweet morn in Bethlehem,

Ere birds were on the wing,
The sons of God came singing
Down from the skyey dome,
And mortals heard the message:
Immanuel is come.

Now let the ample standard
Of righteousness, unfurl,
Proclaim to every people
That God is in His world;
Let every form of evil
From earth be put away,
That all may sing rejoicing,
The King is born today.

The bright and solemn glory,
The angel harps glad ring,
The strange, sweet song of wonder,

The cherub voices sing—
These in our hearts abiding,
The Prince of Peace shall come,
Make our glad lives His temples,
Our happy hearts His home.

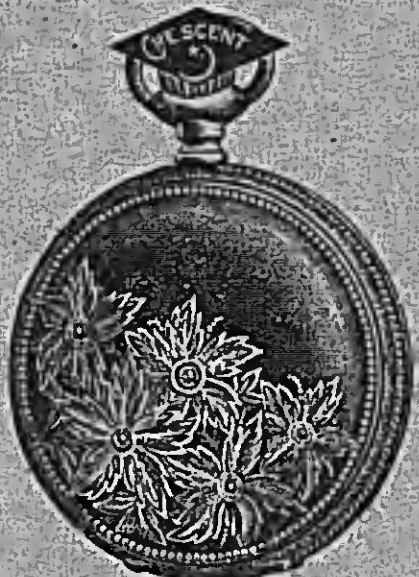
THE IDEAL WORKSHOP.



And the jolliest and best old work man in the world.

A Happy Christmas for Everyone

A Holiday stock that is first in variety and quality and fairest in price. Our beautiful display of gifts meets all requirements from first to last. We have a **most complete assortment** of presents that everybody appreciates—pleasing and beautiful and at the same time practical and useful. Come where there is a wide choice, a fine variety and a grand opportunity to get the best and most suitable gifts for old and young. Remember our up-to-date stock is in close touch with the times and anticipates your every want in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, China, Musical Instruments, Novelties, etc., and many charming and appropriate gifts of which the following are a few:



Ladies' and Gents' gold, gold filled silver and silverine watches. We have a full line of Elgin, Waltham and South Bend watches.



Eastman Kodaks and Supplies

We are Headquarters for Xmas and New Year Post Cards, Booklets, Tags, Calendars, etc.

An unusual offer of diamond rings at special prices in crystal white, perfect cut stones in popular sizes.

A fine line of bracelets just received; carmen, set, signet and plain bracelets and several other styles.

Ladies and gents fobs and watch chains in newest styles.

Large assortment of scarf and hat pins.

Belt pins and buckles.

Back and side combs, barrettes and turban pins.

Several new styles of lockets and charms.

A large assortment of set, signet, emblem, band and plain rings.

Cut glass water sets, bowls, colory and bon bon dishes, pomade jars and salt and pepper shakers.

Edison and Victor Talking Machines and Records.

Brooches, pins and wrist sets in all the latest styles.

You'll find our Christmas Offerings in harmony with your needs; our prices in harmony with your pocket book. From inexpensive articles to more costly gifts, we offer for your selection the newest and best of the season. Let us show you high grade, strictly modern, fair priced Holiday attractions. All are invited. A hearty welcome no matter whether you come to see or buy.

A large and select line of silverware including the following: Smokers' Sets, Cake and Fruit Baskets, Bon Bon Dishes, Pin Trays, Match Safes, Ash Trays, Candle Sticks, Silver and Gold Jewel Cases, Tobacco and Cigar Jars, Napkin Rings,

Crumb Trays, Salt and Pepper Shakers, Fancy and Plain Table Ware, Toilet Sets, Manicure Sets, Shaving Sets, Carving Sets, Childs Sets, Cracker Jars, etc., etc.

A well selected line of fancy and hand painted china, dinner sets, pudding sets, wine sets, chocolate sets, etc.

Emblem pins and buttons for all orders.

A good assortment of Musical Instruments including pianos, violins, mandolins, guitars, accordions, harmonicas, cornets, etc.

Cuff and collar button sets. Post Card Albums.

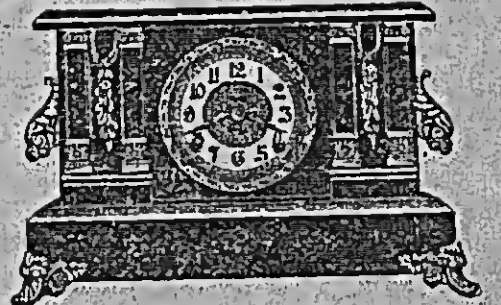
A Beautiful Souvenir Free to Every Customer on Purchases Amounting to \$1.00 or Over

WILLIAM KEULMAN

Jeweler and Optician

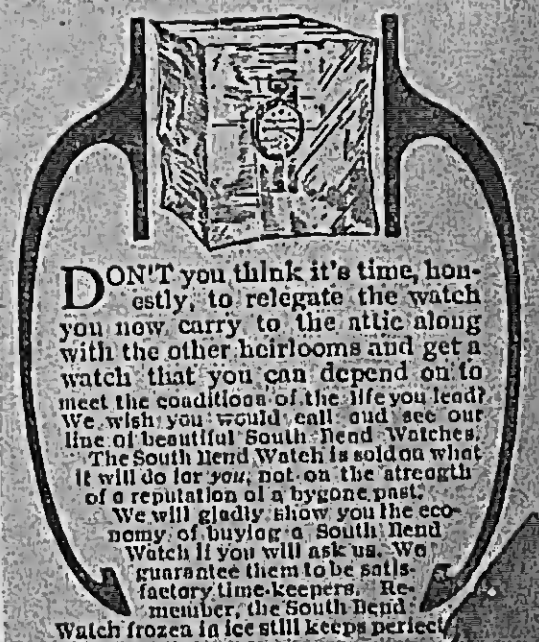
ANTIOCH

ILLINOIS



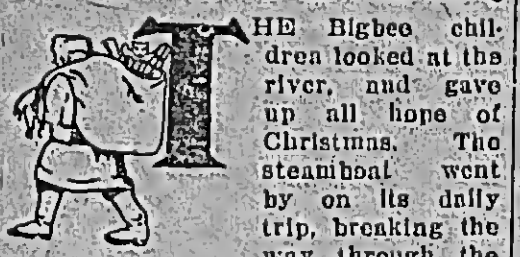
All Styles of Clocks

Enameled wood and iron eight day clocks. Westminster chime clocks with mahogany case. Fancy ormolu gold clocks. Alarm and one day clocks. Regulators.



DON'T you think it's time, honestly, to relegate the watch you now carry to the attic along with the other heirlooms and get a watch that you can depend on to meet the condition of the life you lead? We wish you would call and see our line of beautiful South Bend Watches. The South Bend Watch is sold on what it will do for you, not on the strength of a reputation of a bygone past. We will gladly show you the economy of buying a South Bend Watch if you will ask us. We guarantee them to be satisfactory time keepers. Remember, the South Bend Watch frozen in ice still keeps perfect.

Their Christmas



THE Bigbee children looked at the river, and gave up all hope of Christmas. The steamboat went by on its daily trip, breaking the way through the crust during the night, and leaving behind a highway of drifting ice. On the bank beyond they could see the houses and the church, but could not go there.

"We may even forget when Christmas comes," said Ben, "unless we notch a stick, like Robinson Crusoe."

"I shall not forget," said Della.

"Nor I," said Mamie Scudder.

The Bigbees lived on an island. There was one house besides their own, where Mrs. Scudder and Mamie lived. Mamie never crossed the water in cold weather, but the Bigbee children rowed across every week to Sunday school, until December brought ice and snow.

People living on a small island must take boats instead of carriages when they go to church or post office or market. But the Bigbee children did not think that a hardship.

"We want clear water all winter," said Della.

"I hope you will have it," said the teacher, "at least till Christmas. We are going to have carols and a Christmas tree."

This was great news to the Bigbees, who had never seen a Christmas tree. They talked about it, and told Mamie Scudder. They knew there would be candles on the tree, and shining things among the boughs.

But the first Sunday in December a blinding snowstorm kept them at home. The next Sunday and the next there was ice tossing in the river, so that no little rowboat could venture abroad.

One more Sunday, and then Monday would be Christmas. All the happy children across the river would go to church and there would be the tree full of gifts.

"It's a cold day and growing colder," said Mr. Bigbee on Saturday.

The family kept close round the fire. None of them spoke of Christmas. There had been no secret preparations, no shopping trips. Money was scarce in the Bigbee family.

When Ben and Della went to their beds at night, Paul, who followed soon after, came back into the kitchen with a serious face.

"Mother," he said, "they have hung up their stockings!"

Mrs. Bigbee set her lips tight. Then she put her arm round Paul, and

kissed him.

"Never mind," he said. "We can pop corn and crack nuts."

Mrs. Bigbee stayed up late that night. By 11 o'clock she had made cookies shaped in various ways—birds, dogs, balls, boys, horses, elephants, camels, hearts, sheep and rabbits—and not one too big to slip easily into a child's stocking.

She put 12 into each of her children's stockings, hanging Paul's up also. She glanced toward Mrs. Scudder's, but the lights were out.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" shouted the children the next morning. The house rang with laughter and mirth. There was great excitement over the stockings. Even Paul was interested and amused.

"Dear little mother," he said, softly. Mamie came, with her stockingful, and the children played menagerie, Noah's Ark, and farmyard for hours.

The steamboat made no trip that day. A few skaters were seen. "I guess the boat skips Christmas the same as Sundays," said Paul.

After dark he went to the window. "I hear the bells," he said. "And the church windows shine." A silence fell on the group.

"If we knew the carols we would sing them ourselves," said Mrs. Bigbee.

From time to time the children went to the window. It was starlight. "See the lights in the road!" exclaimed Della. "The folks are going home with lanterns."

"They're coming down the bank!" said Ben.

A little line of lights moved steadily along. They were certainly on the frozen river. They were coming toward the island.

"Why, father, father!" shouted Paul. "The river must be frozen hard all over, and that's why the boat didn't go!"

"It happened so once six years ago," said Mr. Bigbee.

Mrs. Scudder ran over from her house. "They're singing!" she cried. "Listen!"

The sweet Christmas carols sounded clearer and clearer, as boys and girls came up the bank, up to the very house.

"Come in! Come in!" said Mr. Bigbee, throwing the door open.

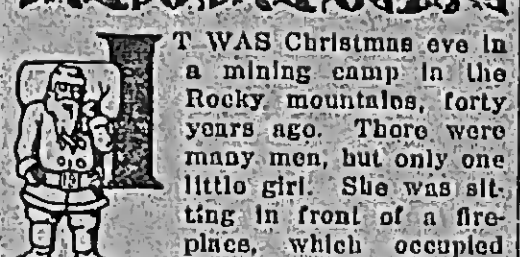
It was as if church, tree, festival, Christmas and everything had come to the Bigbees and Scudders.

"We cut off a bough full of candles to be your tree," said the boys. They set it up in a corner and lighted the candles anew.

"We brought your presents," said the girls, giving each a book and box of candy.

It was late when, with merry farewells, the visitors took their lanterns and departed, singing carols, while the happy children watched the line of lights recrossing the river, and listened in happiness until the voices died away in the distance.

Miner Bob's Gift



IT WAS Christmas eve in a mining camp in the Rocky mountains, forty years ago. There were many men, but only one little girl. She was sitting in front of a fireplace, which occupied one whole end of "the best cabin in camp." Her seat was a flat piece of pine log. Lying close to her was a big St. Bernard dog.

"Miner Bob says that Santa Claus comes down the chimney; but now, Rover, we know better than that." She took hold of the dog's collar, and turned his head toward the fireplace. "Even if he should get down the chimney, he'd be burned up. He could not bring anything with him without getting it black and dirty. I'll put the fire out tonight with that pall of water."

Rover got up and took a lap or two, and then came back and waited for the rest of the story.

She continued: "But I don't believe any Santa Claus will come away out here, where there is only you and me. Here she stooped and whispered to the dog's ear. 'We'll leave the window open. Of course, Rover, I don't mind telling you why I am so anxious for Santa Claus not to come down that chimney. You see, I want a doll. Miner Bob says that Santa Claus brings you what you wish for. I never saw real dolls, but they must be beautiful things. This picture I cut out of a magazine is a doll, so Miner Bob says. Whew! It mustn't come down the chimney, Rover, it mustn't.'"

In a few minutes the dog and the little girl were both fast asleep. This time the child's head was pillowed on Rover's shaggy coat and in her hand she lightly held an advertisement of Christmas toys.

Two men, sitting at a pine table in the other end of the cabin, were talking in a low, mysterious manner.

"We are 'most out of food, you know," said one; "only five potatoes left. We paid \$100 for the last stick, but we could not get another stick for love or money. We have been snowed in now for three months, and we've got to count on four weeks more before there is any hope of getting out of here."

"Yes, I know it," replied his companion, "but I'm going to do it just the same."

"You know the boss' orders," spoke up the first man, who was Miner Bob. "We'll catch it if we disobey, especially when starvation is staring us in the face."

"I can't help it," was the reply.

"But it all on me, I'll stand the blame."

The men drew their chairs closer together, and there they worked for several hours, stopping just long enough to lift the little girl from the floor to her cot, where she went on dreaming of Santa Claus and the beautiful doll.

It was a bitter cold night—a regular blizzard! Several miners lost their way going from one camp to the other and were frozen to death. Animals that failed to get under shelter were found dead next morning.

The little girl remembers no more of that most terrible storm in the history of the camp, but next morning she was awakened early by her father, trying to close a broken window. He said it had been crushed in by the storm, but the little girl said, "No, Santa Claus did it."

"He's been here!" she cried, and in her excitement fairly rolled from her cot over the floor to the chimney. With cries of "It's a doll—a doll!" she clung to her heart the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. "It's my doll, all mine; and it's got eyes, and a nose, and a mouth, and ears and hair—and such a beautiful red flannel dress!"

She kissed it again and again, and no heart ever came so near bursting with joy as the heart of that little girl, way out in the snowed-in mine, with death and starvation all about her.

The two miners had come in, and were listening to the wonderful story as it fell again from the childish lips. "You used them all," interrupted the father, gazing sternly at the man.

"Yes," said Miner Bob, "we used them all."

"It was wrong, very wrong?"

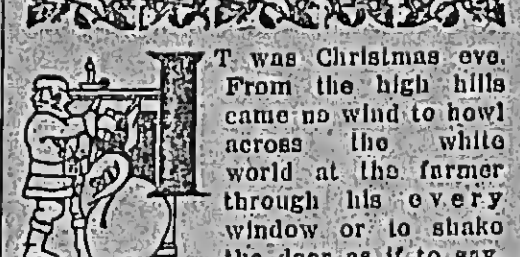
"We could not help it," replied the other miner. "It was the only way to make it, and we'd rather go hungry the rest of our days than have the kid disappointed."

The "kid," oblivious of anything but the blessed joy of possessing a doll, was telling Rover: "Father thinks the wind broke the window. I forgot to open it; but, you see, Santa Claus knows just what you want, so he brought the doll through the window to save her from getting dirty coming down the chimney."

Little did she realize that of all the dolls found that Christmas morning in the stockings of the little ones all over the United States not one was made of as precious material as hers. She was clasping to her bosom the "only five potatoes in camp." They had been carved into "Miss Doll" by Miner Bob, and dressed in pieces of the only good red flannel shirt that the other men possessed.

Forty Christmas days have passed since then, and they have all been happy ones, but the peculiar and exquisite satisfaction I experience in pressing to my heart "my potato doll" has never been exceeded.

A Christmas Fairy Tale



IT WAS Christmas eve. From the high hills came no wind to howl across the white world at the farmer through his every window or to shake the door as if to say, "I am King Wind, let me in!" or to harass the animals as they stood in their chilly stables. No wind, but cold, oh, so cold! The moon was steel blue as if frost bitten. The stars blinked with the cold. It was 10 below zero, the village folk said, and that is very cold.

Two travelers trudged the road that wound up and around the hill. "Swing your arms, Sigurd," said one, and himself commenced slapping his armpits. "We will try at the next house," he continued. "The Christmas eve, and how can they turn us away on such a night?"

Ahead a farmhouse threw a welcome yellow glare on the snow. The travelers hurried on, encouraged. Soon they stood under the eaves of the little house so alone in the snow, and before the door, Fridthjof pulled the old brass knocker down heartily. "Oh, ho, within!" he cried. "Have you food and bed for hungry travelers this Christmas eve?" They heard a bustle and stir inside. The door swung open and the farmer, a huge man with a big voice, peered out. "Come in," he said.

The two stamped the snow off their feet and entered. The best hearth seats were given them and the farmer's daughter appeared, bearing a pitcher of steaming home brewed ale. Along with it came smoked mutton and goodly piles of flat bread. Sigurd and Fridthjof toasted their shins dreamily content. Behind them the farmer's wife and daughter clattered diligently with silver dishes and a beautiful Christmas feast.

Sigurd looked up in surprise. "Do you eat your Christmas dinner at night?" he asked. The farmer settled into his creaking armchair and his jovial face became serious. "Years ago," he began, "the goblins, or the hill people, came down, took possession of my farm and demanded that I turn my place over to them every Christmas night. Before we go we must set them a feast with silver dishes. I dared not disobey them, lest they run off with my horses and ruin my crops. So, you see, I have no real Christmas ever." Then he added, "you cannot stay, for they will kill you, too."

"Do they come every Christmas?" asked Sigurd.

"Every Christmas."

Sigurd turned to Fridthjof. "We shall we do," he asked, "set out any?"

"Stay by all means," asked Sigurd.

"As you please, gentlemen," the farmer exclaimed. "My sleigh is ready at the door. Good night and merry Christmas to you."

Left alone, the two guests undressed and went to bed.

Pretty soon away over the hill they heard the silvery jingle of golden sleigh bells. Sigurd drew the curtains. Nearer and nearer came the jingling and now they could hear shouts and hoots and then they heard them draw up in front of the house with a great clatter of harnesses, hoofs and sleigh bells. The could hear the goblins pulling their tiny ponies into the farmer's shed. Then with a great shout they entered the house.

The two luckless fellows in bed kept very still and barely breathed. Noisily the goblins seated themselves and started to eat with an uproar of clattering dishes, working jaws and spilling conversation. Many a mystery of disappearing hay bundles, sheep or farm tools long discussed among the village and fisher folk was explained by hoarse narrative of the evil, jabbering goblins below.

At last Sigurd dared peek over the curtains. He saw little white bearded men with red noses and glittering eyes, high peaked hats and fat bellies. To one end at the head of the table sat the chief, whose bigger red nose, fatter belly, higher hat and gruffer manner characterized him as such. When he belched forth his orders for food the others stepped right lively.

Of a sudden the chief cried out: "Wuf, I smell human." Immediately the room became chaos. Search was made everywhere, under chairs, in cupboards—everywhere.

The chief himself was the most diligent searcher, and presently he made straight for the curtained that covered the beds. Our travelers lay tense, almost scared to death. Sigurd gripped a shoe convulsively by the toe when he saw the chief approach.

The goblin looked into the lower berth and then, climbing in a stool, he peered into the upper one. He could just manage to get his nose on the edge of the bed, and Sigurd brought his shoe heel down. Bing! Bing! awful hard on that good goblin's red, tender nose. He let out one tremendous yell and his men dismayed at fear in their leader, stampeded out of the house to the sleighs. The chief followed them.

Sigurd and Fridthjof could hear them frantically hitch up and heard their drive off, singing dolefully until the great white silence of the hills swallowed them up.

The villagers say that the farmer was never again bothered by the wicked hill people, but lived happily ever afterward with his family.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR EVERYBODY

The Holiday Season has opened and you are cordially invited to visit this store when selecting Christmas Gifts for the loved ones. You will find here a large and varied assortment of the most modern and practical gifts for father, mother, brother, sister and sweetheart. Below are a few timely gift suggestions that may be of material aid in making your selections.

Manicure Sets, Toilet Sets, Hair Brushes and Combs, Music Rolls, Perfumes, Mirrors, Hand Painted China, Fancy Dishes, Books, Fancy Box Candy Mixed Candy, Xmas Cards, Full assortment of Box Paper, etc., for mother, sister and sweetheart. For father and big brother we have Tobacco Jars, Smokers' Sets, Cigars, Fountain Pens, Books, Military Sets, Pipes, etc. You will also find here Games, Toys, Dolls, Books, Box Paper, etc., to make the little folks glad.

A Photograph makes a very acceptable gift. Bring it in and let us frame it for you.

OVERTON'S DRUG STORE

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

Waukegan's Greatest Christmas Store

Just think! Christmas is but a week away. Soon the gingle of Old Santa's bells will be heard, and every home will be the scene of rejoicing and merriment. Don't wait until the last few days to buy; start now, and thus avoid the large hurrying crowds. Our three spacious floors are filled to overflowing with suitable gifts for Xmas---things to make the hearts of dear ones happy; appropriate presents for each sex---the old the young. Our elaborate displays will prove a material benefit to those who are undecided, while the immensity of various gift lines insures quick and satisfactory choosing.

Furniture a Sensible Gift

Rocker \$9.75—Father or mother would be more than pleased with this comfortable easy rocker; the back is sufficiently high to afford rest for the head; constructed of golden oak, mahogany and early English, upholstered in genuine leather; 9.75 \$12.75 seller for.....

Library Table \$10.75—This table makes a handsome gift for the housewife, and one which can be appreciated by the entire family. Full quartered oak and genuine mahogany veneer, piano finish, 38 by 28 inch oval top, supported by two heavy colonial columns, one large invisible drawer with shelf beneath; a splendid \$14.75 value at..... 10.75



Waukegan's Biggest and Best Store.

Gold and Silverware

Stand Mirrors—Heavy French plate stand mirrors with gold frames in attractive designs, \$1.98 to..... 98c

Photo Frames—A number of attractive shapes for one or two photos, gold mountings, \$2.98 to..... 50c

Jewelry Boxes—Gold and silver jewelry boxes with heavy mountings, daintily lined with silk, prices ranging from \$1.98 to..... 50

Back Combs—A new line of fancy back combs for Christmas selling; shell and amber with gold and silver mountings, set with white and colored stones, some with solid gold mountings, \$3.50 to..... 1.00



JOLLY OLD SANTA WILL BE HERE SATURDAY AND EVERYDAY UNTIL CHRISTMAS.

Here is good news for all you boys and girls: Jolly old Santa has written us a letter saying that he would be at the Globe Saturday and remain with us until Christmas. He will arrive over up to the Globe. He will deliver a speech in front of the store and tell you all about his home at the North Pole; then he will show you children through Toyland. But the best part of it all is this:

HE WILL HAVE A SOUVENIR FOR EACH ONE OF YOU.

This Souvenir consists of a large button to pin on your coat. It shows old Santa ready to go down the chimney. Santa Clause wants to see EVERYONE of YOU BOYS and GIRLS SATURDAY, so don't disappoint him.

... Toyland is Heaping Full of Toys, Dolls, Games and Books ...

Dressed Dolls	10c to \$15.00	Iron Trains	25c to \$2.98	Games	5c to \$1.00
Undressed Dolls	10c to 18.00	Sleds and Coasters	25c to 4.50	Swords	25c to 50c
Toy Dishes	25c to 2.48	Pianos	25c to 4.98	Saving Banks	10c to 2.48
Toy Trunks	15c to 2.48	Doll Beds	25c to 2.98	Drums	25c to 98c
Express Wagons	50c to 4.98	Steel Yachts	15c to 2.48	Story & Picture Books	5 to 98c
Toy Furniture	15c to 2.48	Plush Horses	25c to 9.00	Building Blocks	10c to 98c
Polly Dolly Toys	10c to 98c	Steel Ranges	25c to 3.48	Printing Press	98c to 7.98
Writing Desks	1.25 to 4.98	Doll Carts	25c to 8.50	Iron Toys	10c to 4.98
Magic Lanterns	25c to 6.98	Steam Engines	25c to 8.50	Guns	25c to 1.48
Blackboards	25c to 2.98	Train on Track	25c to 3.98	Rubber Balls	10c to 60c

Give Her a Hand Bag for Xmas

Nothing will please a lady more than to receive a nice handbag. It's a practical gift and one that can be purchased at a moderate cost. Our new Xmas line is unusually extensive and is comprised of the newest shapes in walrus, genuine seal, goat seal and alligator leathers. They're leather lined and have leather handles, while some are fitted with miniature toilet sets. Prices range from

50c to 15.00

Gloves Are Appreciated

The "Globe" Special—This is positively the best \$1.00 kid glove on the market; comes in all colors, two clasp and is guaranteed, pair..... 1.00

Mocha Glover—One clasp silk lined Mocha gloves, gray and brown, pair..... 1.50

Women's Comfy Slippers

Women's Comfy Slippers—Blue and gray felt with leather covered cushion soles, also felt slippers with flexible leather soles, a gift that will please, pair..... 95c

Give Stationery

Stationery makes as nice as present as you can give and is not expensive. Our line of boxed stationery is unusually attractive and ranges in prices from 15c to..... 2.98

At 50c—Fancy boxed stationery, 4 doz. envelopes, and 4 doz. sheets of paper, fine Irish linen, handsomely boxed..... 50c

... Toilet Sets, Manicuring Sets and Other Gifts ...

What a host of sensible gifts you will find in our fancy goods department. Gifts that will surely please the recipient because of their usefulness and attractiveness. A noteworthy feature of this immense display is the reasonableness of prices.

Toilet Sets \$2.48—An attractive set, consisting of comb, brush and mirror, celluloid back, gold trimmings, nicely boxed..... 2.48

Toilet Sets \$1.98—An attractive three piece set comprising comb, brush and mirror, attractive celluloid back with gold trimmings..... 1.98

Military Set \$1.48—No gift will please him more; ebony back with silver trimmings, good bristles, attractively boxed..... 1.48

Brush Sets \$1.25—Consisting of a clothes and hat brush, coco-nut-hall or ebony back with silver trimmings, fine bristles..... 1.25

Manicuring Set \$2.98—A seven piece set in an elegant leather box, prettily lined, the pieces have ebony back with silver trimmings..... 2.98

Shaving Set—Newest designed shaving outfit; consists of adjustable stand mirror, nickel plated, beveled glass, porcelain shaving mug attached, camelshair brush..... 2.98

HANDKERCHIEFS NEVER FAIL TO PLEASE

At 5c—Barred lawn and pure linen handkerchiefs with hemstitched hem, plain and fancy borders at each..... 5c

At 60c—Extra fine and sheer embroidered Swiss handkerchiefs, scalloped and hemstitched edge, others of pure linen with Japanese drawn work, each..... 50c

Special at 10c.

Pointy, embroidered handkerchiefs with scalloped edge; others of pure linen and plain hemstitched; values that cannot be equalled at the price, choice

10c

At 25c—Extra fine Swiss embroidered handkerchiefs, scalloped and hemmed edge, some with Japanese drawn work and others pure linen with initial at 25c

At 15c—Handsome Swiss embroidered handkerchiefs with scalloped or hemstitched edge, some lace trimmed, others of pure linen and hemstitched, each..... 15c

.. Make Her Happy with a Set of Furs ..

Belgium Lynx Set \$8.95—This is a wonderful value for the price; large shawl collar, finished with four or six tails, and a large pillow muff satin lined, special offer..... 8.95

Boxed Waist Patterns

Waist patterns specially boxed for the Christmas trade. Desirable waist lengths, comprising silk materials, silk mixtures, fine woolen and mercerized fabrics, etc., prices from \$10. to 50c

New Persian Waists 4.98

Several of the season's most charming models, elegantly made from fine qualities of Persian silk, very special at..... 4.98

What to "Hubby" or Sweetheart.

Neckwear—A man can never have too many ties. We show a beautiful new line, made up in the newest shapes of handsome figured silk, neatly boxed, special values at \$1.00, 75c and..... 50c

Combination Set—Consisting of fancy suspenders, garters and arm bands attractively boxed..... 75c

Kid Gloves—He'll appreciate a nice pair of gloves. We have them in silk lined and unlined, tan, gray and black, also undressed kid at from, pair \$2.00 to 1.00

Fancy Suspenders—Put up in a neat Christmas box, special values at..... 50c

Mufflers—A beautiful selection of mufflers, the newest shapes, made of the finest grades of silk \$5.00 to..... 50c

Dress Shirts—What is more sensible than to give a gentleman a shirt for Christmas? We show a line of plaid shirts in plain white and fancies at from \$2.50 to 1.00

XMAS HANDKERCHIEFS

3 for 25c—Fine hemstitched handkerchiefs, neatly boxed, 3 for..... 25c

3 for 50c—Pure Irish linen handkerchiefs hemstitched, 3 in a box for..... 50c

25c each—Extra fine pure linen handkerchiefs, with or without initial, 22c

Silk Handkerchiefs—Plain white silk handkerchiefs, with initial, special values at 25c and..... 50c

Men's Everett Slippers—You could not please a man any more than to buy him a pair of these house slippers, made of black kid leather, pair..... 85c

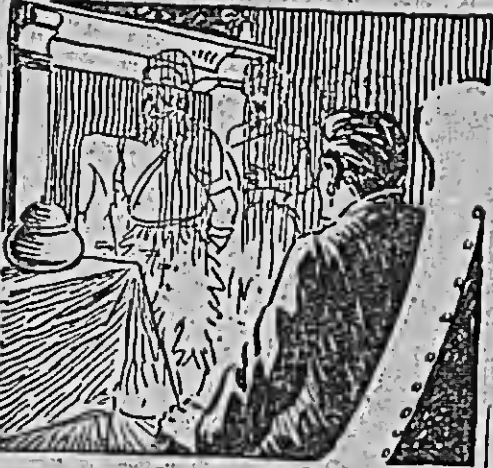
A Christmas Story

Flinding myself far from home one Christmas eve night, I halted at the nearest farm house and asked admittance. An old man and his wife were the only occupants.

They bade me enter and gave me hearty greetings. I found them to be one Ephraim Gogard, and his wife, Tabitha, 40 years married.

After the good wife had spread a bountiful table with good cheer for the inner man, and we had enjoyed the delicious viands to the fullest extent, we drew our chairs nearer the hearth and prepared for a sociable evening. These good old people told me of their children, of the good times when Christmas Eve found them all at home hanging up their stockings and getting to bed early, hoping to stay awake till Santa Claus should come.

"But that was long ago," sighed the mother. "Willie went to sea, and after a few years of sniffling up and down the world, we heard nothing more, and



A Stalwart, Seafaring Man, Wearing the Garb of a South Sea Islander.

we have long mourned him as dead. Rose went to the city and, growing fascinated with the stage, became an actress. She succeeded better than we had ever hoped, but her laurels did not prevent her from making a silly marriage. An Italian prince, a penniless adventurer, carried her off to Italy.

"We fear she is either dead or enduring a living death in extreme poverty, with all her illusions and her bright youth gone. We are both too old now to go in search of her."

"Alas! alas!" groaned the old man. "Our baby boy, our best beloved, grew impatient of the old home and its slow, conservative ways. He went to the great city and succeeded for a time, his bright whole-souled ways brought friends without number. But these very social graces became the cause of his downfall. He learned to gamble and drink at card parties and

at banquets where women make bold to do these things. Both these habits grew on him till they possessed him body and soul. He went from bad to worse, until at last he killed his best friend at the gaming table. He now wears the stripes and is eating his heart out in the state prison."

When I had retired for the night I found myself in a large luxuriously appointed sleeping apartment, on the hearth a fire of cheery logs, the facsimile of the one below.

As I sat and pondered, what was my surprise to see a stalwart, seafaring man enter, wearing the garb of a South Sea Islander. I knew he was an "old salt" by the lurch in his walk. Following him came a train of attendants. They put upon the table great jugs of liquor.

Taking no notice of me they went on hilariously cracking their jokes and taking great swigs from the jug.

Just as I was wondering if the leader could be Willie, whom the aged couple had mourned as dead, I was attracted by a sound at the door, and, looking in that direction, I beheld a very beautiful young woman, attired as Shakespeare's Ophelia. She came forward had begun to repeat her lines as to a crowded house. The strange company ceased their prattle and gave her the most devoted hearing. They were about to give her an encore when there entered a dissolute-looking young fellow, with refined features, bleared by the excessive use of stimulants. Willie stepped forward, and, calling him brother, embraced him as one does after a long absence. The younger man produced a bottle of champagne and began to treat all round.

A disreputable-looking Italian had followed Ophelia into the room, and when he saw the champagne flowing, his eyes glittered with an unholy light.

I had at least collected my wits enough to realize that among this strange gathering were the three children to whom my hosts had just introduced me.

I had just about shaken myself free of my weird surroundings and had summoned strength to move from my seat that I might go below and send the dear old people to embrace their children when a noise sudden and loud took my breath away.

Instantaneously my strange guests vanished. I opened the door to see if I could catch a glimpse of their departing figures, but no creature was in sight.

Whence came the noise which had startled them into evaporating? Ah, again it came! It was but the rattle of the wind upon the casement.

I looked and, lo! my fire was reduced to embers, I knew only too well that I had been dreaming, that my strange company had been but the phantoms of dreams, that I had been asleep and that I was not to give my kind host and hostess the pleasure of a reunion with their lost children.

A War Time Christmas

The incident occurred one December during the Civil war. The Army of Tennessee was in Virginia, watching closely every move on the great chess board of strategy. Sergt. Montgomery and a few men were ordered to guard a certain narrow pass through the mountains.

Orders were strict to permit no one to pass no matter what the errand. The tension was high; spies were everywhere.

Not far from the picket post was a small house, part log and part frame. There lived a young wife and two little girls. The husband had joined the Confederate army. The wife was left with two cows and some potatoes and corn.

She or her little girls brought the Union soldiers milk and butter; sometimes a few eggs.

The names of the girls were Mary and Susie. They said they liked soldiers; that their papa was one, and



that they knew he would be glad to see these soldier friends of theirs if he could only get out, but he was so busy somewhere shooting at the Yankees that they wouldn't let him leave.

One day as the month was drawing to a close Susie, the smaller of the two, asked the sergeant why they were always looking up and down the pass so close.

"To see if anybody's coming, little one," said the grizzled officer, "our orders are to shoot any man who attempts to go by here."

Instantly Susie laid her head on her sister's shoulder and cried as if her heart would break. The big sergeant was very much embarrassed; he saw he had put his foot in it, but couldn't understand just how.

"There, there, girlie," he said, "don't you cry, we ain't going to shoot any of your people."

"I know you ain't," said Susie, trying to dry her eyes, "but we been a-

lookin' for Sam

years an' it's no

along here.

The sergeant was to be

days later he rode d

the army headquarters we

the quartermaster.

"I want two blankets,

opes, and warm; 40 pound

a case of sweet crackers

sugar snaps if you got 'em

sugar, and—let me see—got

and goods, beans and peaches

like o' that?"

The day before Christmas was

and bright. The troopers were

ing about their campfire, their

stacked, but within easy reach.

The way for a visit and stay over

sergeant was not there. Pretty

soon it was season: Will you go,

the little girls came out from the

cabin, hand in hand. They had

ly reached the camp when the cap-

tain of the guard suddenly straight-

ened up.

"Halt!" he cried, "who comes here?"

The soldiers sprang for their guns

and stood across the trail. Climbing

down a hill bordering the trail was a

man with a long white beard and a

fur cap. He was laden with parcels.

Susie saw him, and uttering a glad

cry ran to him and stood between

Santa Claus and the soldiers.

"You shan't shoot him," she shout-

ed; "you shan't shoot Santa Claus!"

The soldiers grounded arms and

laughed until they couldn't laugh any

more. Just then there was a sound

of a horse's hoofs on the rocky trail.

It was an unusual thing; there was no

chance this time. The soldiers straight-

ened up, ready for action. Santa

Claus dropped his parcels and gripped

his revolver.

In a moment the rider was among

them. It was a high officer in the

Federal army, and he glared about in

angry surprise.

"What means all this buffoonery?"

he growled, his keen eyes boring

through Santa Claus.

Santa Claus, entirely unabashed,

told the story, omitting nothing. He

said the father of the little girls was

in the Confederate army and they and

their mother were alone in the moun-

tains; that the winter had come on

them unprepared, and he had ordered

the quartermaster to get together

some things to tide them over Christ-

mas.

The gold braided officer looked into

the fearless eyes of the sergeant, the

men standing respectfully about him,

and then at the half-blind little girl

and their blue hands and lips.

"It's all right, boys," he said, "en-

tirely all right. I got a couple o' lit-

tle chaps o' my own back in the hills

of Kentucky, and I hope the good

Lord will raise up friends for 'em same

as you folks have been to these Good-

by."

Then he rode on down the trail.

That night the Yankees and the lit-

tle family of the Confederate soldier

had a Christmas dinner in a cozy

little mountain cabin.

"Betty and Billiken"

As Betty looked up from her em-

erald, a letter was thrown into her

"Hurrah!" cried Billie, "here's

her from mother. She is not a

runaway match, but she is a

very beautiful girl. She wants us

to go for a visit and stay over

Christmas season: Will you go,

the little girls came out from the

cabin, hand in hand. They had

ly reached the camp when the cap-

tain of the guard suddenly straight-

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little mountain cabin.

gazing at her in a sort of mild disap-

approval, which was both annoying and

perplexing. In the meantime Billie had noticed

it, too, and cornered his mother on

the first opportunity. "Now, mother, what is it you don't

like about Betty? I am sure you do

not approve of her in some way."

"Why, I did feel a little disappointed

that you, being so young and lively,

had chosen a girl of her age and with

so little life and spirit."

"Of her age!" exclaimed the aston-

ished fellow. "Why, Betty is only

nineteen and I am twenty-four. Did

you want me to rob a kindergarten?

And lively? Why, Betty is the most

spirited girl you ever saw."

"Well," she said finally, "if that is

the way she appears to you, I am very

glad for your sake; but she really is

shy and isn't quite her natural self,

or that the way she wears her hair

and dresses makes her seem older

and more staid than she really is."

"Oh!" exclaimed her son in a tone

that spoke volumes. "Mother, I

thought that you did not care for

folderols and vanities."

"Well, I am an old lady," she an-

swered with a toss of her head, "but

when I was young I wore my share of

vanities with the best of them. You

see how it is, Billie; I had told all our

friends here that you had married

such a society belle and that she was

so stylish and pretty and—"

"And she doesn't look the part!"

With a peal of laughter he rushed out

of the room and up the stairs.

"Come out of it, Betty; it's all a

mistake. Get on your war paint. You

did bring a few things with you, didn't

you?"

"What do you mean?" demanded an

onished Betty.

Betty," he began gravely, but end-

ed with a peal of laughter, "we're

wrong track. The mater says

express her. You lack youth and

I ain't all my fault, wretch that

you are! You burst into the sitting

room, minutes later the old lady

looked at me, and she surveyed them, then

laughed like a peal of laughter, and then

pink cheeks, tears ran down her

face.

"You poor old man! And to think that

you went to that trouble to gain

my regard!"

"Yes, and I've seen positively suf-

fering for a good long while, and afraid to

be my natural self, for fear you

would be shocked," said Betty dole-

fully.

"The Ideal The Ideal. And

I've been suffering for a little while and

gaily, and have looked at Billie and

his wife to bring forth into this lonely



Christmas Shopping is at Its Height

The Assortment more complete, the varieties larger, to meet every requirement

Gifts for children. The Pet Show is fine for the boys and girls and very interesting for the mother as well.

Toyland offers many pretty gifts for mother, sister and baby.

SHOP BEFORE THE RUSH

Holly leaves with some gold; all over design on Christmas tree. 25c for the down to. **3c**

GLOVES

Gloves for the ladies are always expected as gifts. They are the most acceptable for they are practical and durable. Getting the size is a problem for some people so we have a glove certificate in the shape of a pretty Christmas card. This is good any time before or after Christmas and insures a perfect fit. We are glad that we can offer as fine an assortment of gloves as can be found anywhere. Lovely gifts, not expensive, rich, and desirable.

Christmas Cards

Pretty little Christmas cards and tags, gummed ribbons of paper to tie the packages, and many pretty little Christmas stickers shown in the basement from 1c up to... **10c**

Lovely Present for Ladies

Lovely Shopping Bag

Rich Velvet shopping bags with silver mounting, black silk cords, place initial on mount. **2.98**

Gold mounting with similar design. **3.50**

Leather bag, leather lined, inside purse, all accessories, puff box, mirror, comb, etc. Special for... **5.00**

Many other ranging from \$5. in price down to... **1.25**

Mesh bags with gold german silver mounting, leather lined for... **5.00**

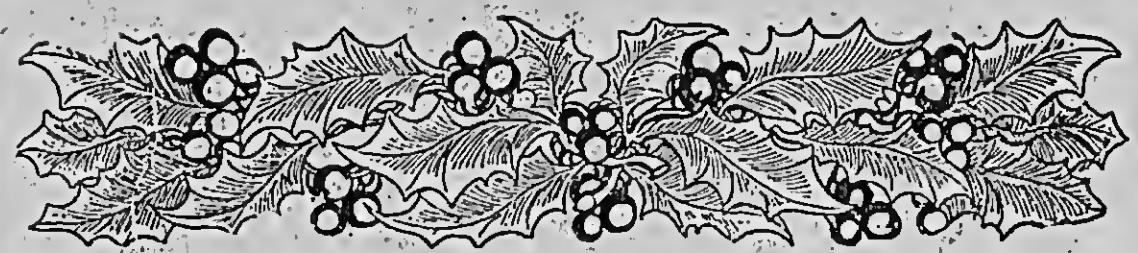
Mesh bags for children, just the thing for the little girls at... **50c**

Jewel Cases, gold plated; old gold design with new gold trimmings lined with pink silk each... **3.50**

Many other different prices down the same silver 2 inch ones for... **58c**

Near silk petticoats of red, black, Gray, accordion pleated flounce, embroidered band in flounce, in holly box for... **1.98**

USEFUL GIFTS GIVE LASTING PLEASURE



... TOYLAND ...

Open in the Basement

Children will be glad to know the toy display is ready, better than we dreamed it could be. Come to the basement early and see the many pretty toys

DOLL FURNISHINGS

Wool sweaters and caps to match in two and three colors, a set for... 25c	Lace and mercerized cotton stockings all sizes for pair 10c. 8c. and... 5c
Dolls' shoes, booties and meccasins pair, 25c. 10c. and... 5c	Folding fans that are lace trimmed for... 10c
Straw hats each... 5c	Trimmed hats for... 35c
Doll clothes baskets, specially priced at... 19c	Black parasols with fancy handles for... 25c

DOLLS

20 inch jointed doll, sleeper, sewed wig, very pretty face, equal to any \$2.00 doll, special at... 1.29	\$1 doll 15 inch long, sleeper, special... 65c
Baby doll, 17 inches long kid body, jointed shoulders and hips, shoes and stockings, special for... 1.23	12 inch jointed, sleeping doll, now... 25c
	Doll heads of bisque, china or metal, all sizes, priced up from... 5c

TEDDY BEARS

Large White Tiddy Bear, 2 feet long, made of best bear cloth, 6.50 kind for... 2.25	
Cinnamon colored bear, large and well made, special at... 98c	
Baby Teddy Bear, very special at... 48c	

USEFUL GIFTS GIVE LASTING PLEASURE



Many Gifts for Children and Ladies

Sweaters

Just the present for the ladies. There is more comfort and wear in our all wool sweater at \$4.00 than in any other kind. It has a high neck and is an imitation of the big college sweaters the boys wear.

Fancy knit sweaters of wool, red, white or blue, specially priced at... **2.98**

Pretty little tea apron with lace edge and trimmed with lace insertion, pretty pink bow, in a holly box, for... **98c**

Embroidered edged apron, edging with three rows of embroidered scallops, pocket edged, pink or blue bow, in holly box, for... **1.15**

Ladies' waists with tucked collar, hand embroidered front, finest French lawn, special, in holly box, for... **3.50**

Hand embroidered front waist, lace insertion on yoke and lace edge on collar, in Christmas box for... **3.98**

Sleds For Boys and Girls

Flexible Fleyer, large size, holds two very easy, steers at... 4.50
Fire Fly Steerer, metal runners, securely braced, 43 inches long, \$2.48; 38 inches long now... 1.98
Bent Runner sleigh with metal runner for... 25c
Bent knee and bent runner that is metal surfaced special for... 45c
Coaster that is 42 inches long, spring runner, big value at... 1.25


Many Enjoyable Toys

Spelling board that has 56 characters for... 75c
Tenor Drums with calf skin heads, sinew snare cords natural finish wood, enameled sticks, 13 inch sizes \$1.65; 10 inch sizes... 1.19
White doll chairs, each... 10c
Shoe fly, the rocking horse team, upholstered, White horses, priced at... 98c

Children's bath robes from 2 to 12 years. The prices range according to size. Size 12, 3.25 and so on down to size 2 for... **1.98**

Stocking Caps for Boys and Girls 98c down to... **25c**

The Pleasure of Giving Brings



A Merry Christmas

Dynamos And Dynamobiles

Dynamobile toys with two attachments, special at... \$.45
Dynamobile motors for connecting up all running toys, takes the place and is durable... \$.45
Electric dynamos, run with a dry battery \$1.50 kind for... \$1.25
All attachment of dynamos that are 25c kinds for... \$.10

METAL TOYS

Iron trains with a large cast iron engine and three large iron coaches, special at... **\$.65**

Special Showing of Iron Toys at 45c

Other trains priced from \$2.00 down to... **\$.10**

Horses, Dump Carts, Truck Wagons, Fire engines, Hook and ladder, Coal Wagon, Phaeton, Contractor Wagon, Auto Truck and numerous others... **\$.45**

WASHINGTON STREET

THE CHRISTMAS STORE

GENESEE STREET



G.R. Lyon & Sons

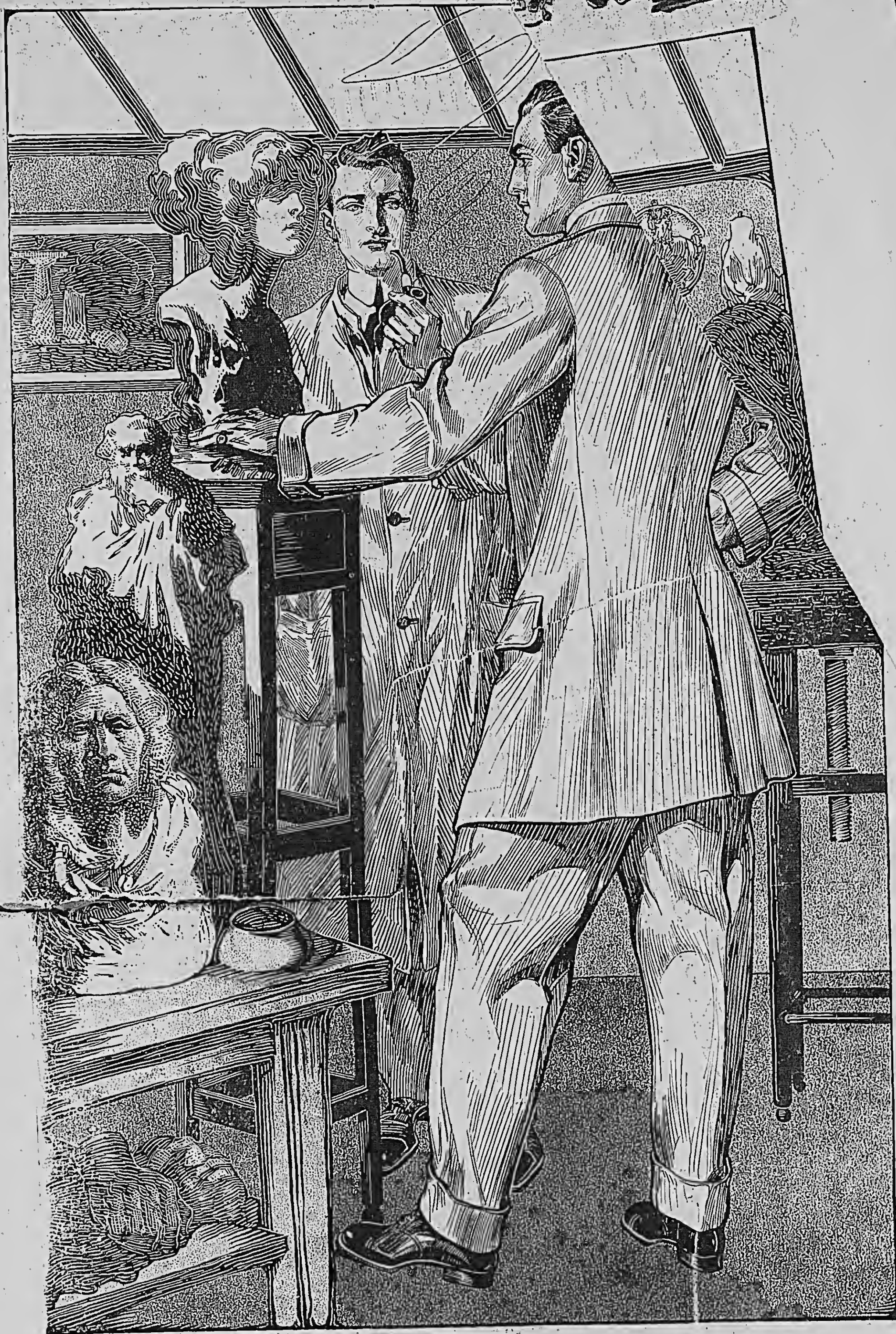
WAUKEGAN ILLINOIS

THE CHRISTMAS STORE

The Pleasure of Giving Brings



A Merry Christmas



Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

"The Good Clothes Store"

If it is Suits or overcoats that you are buying at this Holiday time, you will find that Hart, Schaffner & Marx Good Clothes for men are the kind that please the most particular. Elegant in colors, splendid in fit and style and always right in price.

Suits and Overcoats \$15.00 to \$35.00

Our holiday list of gifts this season is great. We have a choice line of everything suitable for holiday gifts

Mufflers and Auto Mufflers
Silk Suspenders
Smoking Jackets
Bath Robes
Neckwear

Fur Collars
Fur Caps
Fur Gloves
Shirts
Fancy Vests

Sweaters, Sweater Coats
Leather Collar Bags
Walking Sticks
Handkerchiefs
Umbrellas

Leather H'd'n'l Bags
Leather Tie Cases
Silk Hosiery
Over Gallers
Pillow Tops

Leather Shirt Bags
Night Robes
Skating Caps
Garter Socks
Leggings

Slippers and Bed Shoes
Jewelry
Pannons
Bonnets
Lap Robes

And many other useful and beautiful articles

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